

COMMENT OF
THE DAY

Today's Election

If today's general election in Australia could be decided on a strictly personal popularity vote between Mr Menzies and Dr Ewart there is little doubt that the Liberal and Country Party of which Mr Menzies is the leader, would be swept back to power with substantial majorities in both the House and Senate. Even among the Socialist voters, Menzies has his admirers, whereas Dr Ewart, suspected and feared by all but the left wing, is also today estranged from a section of his own political associates.

Oddly, perhaps, Australians do not seem to have any particular desire to have flamboyant personalities as their Prime Minister. And Dr Ewart is undoubtedly flamboyant — the antithesis of his predecessors, John Curtin and Ben Chifley, and, of course, his opponent, "Bob" Menzies. This could be reflected in today's polling.

The election campaign which ended on Thursday has been described as "dull" and the electorate "apathetic." The probable reason is that, at least in the domestic field, the issue has been an extremely simple one. Mr Menzies is seeking an unmistakable mandate to continue a policy which he claims has brought a record degree of prosperity to the country.

The Socialists' insistence that it is a false prosperity, founded on economic quicksands, may be supported by the majority of their supporters, but it is not likely to convince the floating vote, any more than will Dr Ewart's arguments against sending Australian forces to Malaya.

Perhaps it will be the housewives who will have the deciding say in the election. That Australia today is highly prosperous there can be no denying. But it also suffers from inflation and it is the budgeting housewife who most appreciates the real extent of that inflation. The indifferent purchasing power of the Australian pound possibly may be the single factor that will prevent the government from being returned to power.

On the other hand, if there is a landslide, it is fair to predict it will be in favour of the Liberal and Country Party.

SKYSCRAPER HOTEL FOR

THE COLONY

26-Storey
Building On The
Waterfront

BY ALEC GREAVES

Hongkong is to have an up-to-date, 26-storey skyscraper hotel on the waterfront which will rank with the best in the world. It will stand on the site comprising the present Butterfield and Swire building and the adjacent lot formerly occupied by the now-demolished Oriental Building.

Arrangements for the sale of the Butterfield and Swire building were completed yesterday. The price paid is over \$8,000,000.

The buyers are an international hotel syndicate consisting of investors both here and abroad. They have commissioned Mr Eric Cumine, FRIBA, to design the new building, which is estimated to cost \$22,000,000.

Apart from being one of the biggest building development projects in Hongkong's history, the scheme will provide the Colony with much-needed hotel accommodation and facilities which at present are considered inadequate to cope with the growing tourist trade.

Construction of the new building will be in two stages. Work on the Oriental Building part of the site, now cleared, will start in about six months. When this is completed, Messrs Butterfield and Swire and their associated companies move into this part of the new building. Demolition of their existing offices and building work thereon will then proceed.

The entire building is expected to be finished in 4½ years from now.

NOT YET NAMED

The new hotel, as yet unnamed, will easily dwarf the tallest building in Hongkong at the present time. The architectural plans are being prepared according to the provisions of the new Building Ordinance, which has not yet become law, but it is learned that full advantage is not being taken of the liberal scope permitted under it.

Eight floors of the new building will be rented out as offices. The hotel will occupy the rest. On the ground floor will be the main hotel lobby, shops, promenades and offices. The main ballroom, dining rooms and other public rooms will be located on the first floor. They will be spacious enough to cater for the most elaborate social functions, one room having an uninterrupted span of 100 x 100 feet.

Plans include a first-class restaurant and night club on the topmost floor, where Hongkong residents and visitors can relax and be entertained by top-notch bands and performers. Restaurant facilities will include both European and Chinese cuisine.

200 ROOMS

The hotel will have 200 rooms, one-third of which will be two-roomed and three-roomed suites. All rooms will have baths and the other modern conveniences and comforts that distinguish international hotels of the front rank.

The land area which the new building covers is over 24,000 square feet. The present Butterfield and Swire building covers 10,000 square feet. The old Oriental Building, formerly Japanese-owned, was used as Police Headquarters for many years or the war. It was sold by auction last year for \$3,630,000.

Plane Hits
Hospital

Sheffield, Dec. 9. A woman patient was killed and five others injured when a United States Air Force P-84 Thunderbolt crashed into a hospital near here after the pilot baled out.

The pilot, who abandoned the plane at about 3,600 feet, was reported unhurt.

The hospital, Lodge Moor Hospital for Infectious Diseases, is about five miles from the densely populated industrial town of Sheffield.

The plane, reported to have run out of fuel, glided down silently with its engine off, plummeted through the roof of a long single storey building and sailed through several cubicles containing women and children patients. China Mail Special.

China Mail
Feature
Highlights

Here are some of the highlights of today's feature section:

P. 4: The Hongkong products exhibition in pictures.

P. 5: The Agapemonites and the Bogus "Messiah" by C. D. Baker-Tarr; Well, What d'you know? A new series begins in the China Mail.

P. 6: Men in sealed cities. Concluding "A Journey to the Stars".

P. 7: The Great mind-pill phenomenon, by Chapman Fletcher; Dylan Thomas, the legend and the book, by Evelyn Irwin; Paris Newsletter from Sam White.

P. 8: I choose London's loveliest diplomatic hostess, by Eileen Ascroft; When a Duke steps out, by Peter Dacre.

P. 13: The strange story of commercial TV, by Sir Beverley Baxter, M.P.

P. 16 & 17: Local and overseas sports reviews.

THE TITLE IS
EARL ATTLEE

London, Dec. 9.

Mr Clement Attlee, created an earl following his retirement as British Labour Party leader, will be known as Earl Attlee, his wife said tonight.

Mr Attlee's son's title, she said, will be Viscount Prestwood of Winghamston (Mr Attlee's parliamentary constituency).

Mrs Attlee said the necessary investigations had been granted and the Queen's consent given. "It has all gone through," she said.

Mrs Attlee said tonight that her husband's title would be simply Earl Attlee. There would be no place name in the title. "We have been into it: there does not have to be a place," she said.—Reuter.

8 Dismissed
From Party

Paris, Dec. 9.

M. Pierre Mendes-France tonight announced the expulsion of eight leading members from the Radical Party for refusing to resign from a rival body headed by the Premier M. Edgar Faure.

M. Rene Mayer, chairman of the European Coal-Steel Pool Authority and a former premier was one of them. Another was M. Martinand Deplat, former Minister of the Interior. Administrative President of the Party till M. Mendes-France ousted him from office at a stormy congress last May.

M. Bernard Lafay, a member of the Faure government was turned out of the Party on the grounds that he refused to quit office when the Party Executive told him to resign.—Reuter.

MARSHALL IN
LONDON: SOUNDS
A WARNING

London, Dec. 9.

The Chief Minister of Singapore, Mr David Marshall, arrived in London tonight by air from Beirut for exploratory talks with the Colonial Office on the future of Singapore.

Mr Marshall told pressmen on his arrival at London airport tonight that he was bringing to the British people a warning of the serious potential danger of the Singapore situation. He said: "There is no threat implied by me; there is just a keen desire to raise a warning of a great potential danger."

In answer to questions, Mr Marshall said: "There is a basic similarity between the Singapore and Cyprus problems."

He said that in both cases the people have been denied the right of self-government. "I feel that if the people of England had known more about the Cyprus problem, the situation would not have reached the point that it has now."

Mr Marshall added: I do not want the same thing to happen in Singapore. I have come here to try and explain to the people simply as I can the simple facts of the situation. Frustrated nationalism is a very explosive force and it is very dangerous not to recognise it."

MAKING NO THREAT

Asked what he meant by this, Mr Marshall said: "I make no threat. I am a man, a leader of peace. It is a warning from one who is close to the facts and who knows."

Mr Marshall added that if the present talks were to break down, the situation would be serious. He added that if he failed at the constitutional conference next April "somebody else will have to carry on."

Stressing that there was at the present moment "a state of ferment" in the colony, Mr Marshall added: "There has been a case for self-government in Singapore for a long time. This visit has been long overdue."

Mr Marshall also expressed surprise at the unfavourable comments that some of his statements in New Delhi had aroused in Singapore. He said the people should not reproach him for trying to learn from such a great man as Mr Nehru.

Mr Marshall was interviewed in front of the television cameras and also spoke in Malay for the BBC.—France-Press.

Remote-Control
Betrothal

Copenhagen, Dec. 9.

A Danish mechanic and a Chicago girl held a remote-control ceremony to celebrate their engagement.

Tage Damgaard of Aarhus, Jutland, placed an engagement ring on his finger at noon exactly, and in Chicago his fiancée, Karin Christensen, got up at five o'clock in the morning to do the same thing at the same time.

Tage met Karin when her parents were on holiday in Denmark. They arranged their engagement by letter.—China Mail Special.

Negroes Stage
A Boycott

Montgomery, Dec. 9.

Transit officials today rejected "first come, first served" demands of Negro leaders as their price for calling off a boycott of city buses by Negro riders.

Negroes, who have refused for almost a week to ride city buses because of alleged discrimination, continued walking or hitch-hiking to work today.

A committee of Negro leaders and officials of the bus line failed to reach an agreement to end the boycott.

The Negro committee was appointed yesterday by Mayor W. A. Gayle and it made three proposals to the bus company.

TURNED DOWN

Company attorney Jack Crenshaw turned down two of the proposals. He rejected a suggestion that the bus company hire Negro drivers for routes through predominantly Negro sections.

He also said a proposal that a "first come, first served" policy on seating was not possible under present segregation laws.

The Negroes made a third request that bus drivers be more courteous in their treatment of Negro passengers.

Police continued to escort buses on routes through Negro districts where four buses have been fired on and where shotgun blasts raked two Negro dwellings.—United Press.

Bulgarian Rapped

Karachi, Dec. 9.

The reference by Soviet Premier Nikolai Bulganin to the disputed state of Kashmir as a "northern part of India" earlier today brought a sharp reprimand from Radio Pakistan this evening.

Recalling that Russia is a permanent member of the United Nations Security Council which "has solemnly pronounced its judgment that the future of Kashmir is to be decided by a free and fair plebiscite," the radio said that Bulganin, "repaying lavish Indian hospitality," had broken "with a flourish" all diplomatic conventions.—France-Press.

TODAY'S RACING
SELECTIONS

By "Rapier"

RACE 1

Brivisto
Desert Gold
Fortuna
Outsider: Vagabond King.

RACE 2

C'est Si Bon
Tamerlane
Tell-me-again
Outsider: Unicorn.

RACE 3

Straight Flush
Oceanic Sky
Ringway
Outsider: Fox Hunter.

RACE 4

Atomic Caesar
Free Success
Blossom Time
Outsider: Pearl of Hongkong.

RACE 5

Misty Law
Miracle
Old Tyro
Outsider: Encore.

RACE 6

Avion
Ma Cherie
Midget
Outsider: Sea Raider.

RACE 7

Dragonfly
Hiawatha
Tumblewood
Outsider: Snowy.

RACE 8

Perfectionist
Bayshore
Santa Claus
Outsider: Spinning Wheel.

By "The Turf"

RACE 1

Fortuna
Brivisto
Vagabond King
Outsider: Collin.

RACE 2

C'est Si Bon
Tamerlane
Spanish Fan
Outsider: Unicorn.

RACE 3

Straight Flush
Fox Hunter
Attractive Power
Outsider: Outsider.

RACE 4

Dreadnought
Gallant Knight
New Love
Outsider: Atomic Caesar.

RACE 5

Misty Law
Miracle
Quicksilver
Outsider: Chatterbox.

RACE 6

Midget
Zerimar
Starboard
Outsider: The Kangaroo.

RACE 7

Dragonfly
Snowy
Wise Leader
Outsider: Sultan.

RACE 8

Spinning Wheel
Gladie
Santa Claus
Outsider: Bayshore.

TODAY'S TEASER TIP

for the 2nd race

Certainly this applies to Paris

The teaser tip for the last meeting was Witsome which placed third and paid \$8.

Fighting In Northern Laos

Vientiane, Laos, Dec. 9.

The royal Laotian government announced today that the heaviest fighting since last July broke out this week in Northern Laos after an attack by about 2,200 troops of the Communist-led Pathet Lao.

Full reports of the battle in the mountainous jungle area of the Neua province in Northern Indo-China have not yet reached this Laotian capital, but fighting is believed to have died down.

In an interview with Reuter today, the acting Prime Minister of Laos, Prince Souvanna Phouma, said the attack was a flagrant breach of the ceasefire agreement reached between Laotian government and Pathet Lao in Bangkok last October, and the government had protested to the international truce control commission which had representatives on the spot.

A source close to the international commission said today: "We are very anxious about the situation."

Prince Souvanna Phouma said at least three Pathet Lao battalions attacked south of Muong Puan on Monday.

Paris, Dec. 9.

The Soviet Parliament has accepted an invitation from the British Parliament to send a delegation to visit England early next July, the Soviet Tass news agency reported today.

Tass said the invitation was addressed to the Soviet Parliament chiefs, Alexander Volkov and Vilis Latzis.—France-Press.

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Extra Quality
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KING'S PRINCESS EMPIRE

AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 and 9.30 p.m. AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 and 9.30 p.m. AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 and 9.30 p.m.

TO-DAY



JOAN BENNETT · BASIL RATHBONE · LEO G. CARROLL
MICHAEL CURTIZ
Produced by PAT DOUGLAS
Screenplay by RICHARD MACDONALD, Based on a play by ARTHUR HAYES

EXTRA MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW
KING'S at 11.30 a.m. PRINCESS at 11.00 a.m.

WARNER BROS. Present
A Variety Programme of
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

EXTRA MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW
EMPIRE at 11.00 a.m.

"CROSS SWORD"

Starring Erol Flynn — Gina Lollobrigida
Reduced Prices: 40 Cts., 70 Cts. & \$1.00 only

PRINCESS — TO-MORROW —
Extra Show At 12.10 p.m.

Danny Film presents An Unusually Funny Indian
Production

"MISS COCA COLA"

Starring
Geeta Bali — Shammi Kapoor
Kuldeep Kaur — Kamal Kapoor
Direction by Kedar Kapoor — Music by O. P. Nayyar

With English Subtitles — At Regular Prices

AND FREE COCA COLA FOR EVERY PATRON



ROXY & BROADWAY

— SHOWING TO-DAY —

Owing to length of picture please note change of times:
AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.



Starring Hung Hsien-nu — Ping Fan
A Great Wall Super-production in Mandarin Dialogue

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW
AT 12.00 NOON

ROXY: BROADWAY:

Terrytoon Technicolor Cartoons Programme

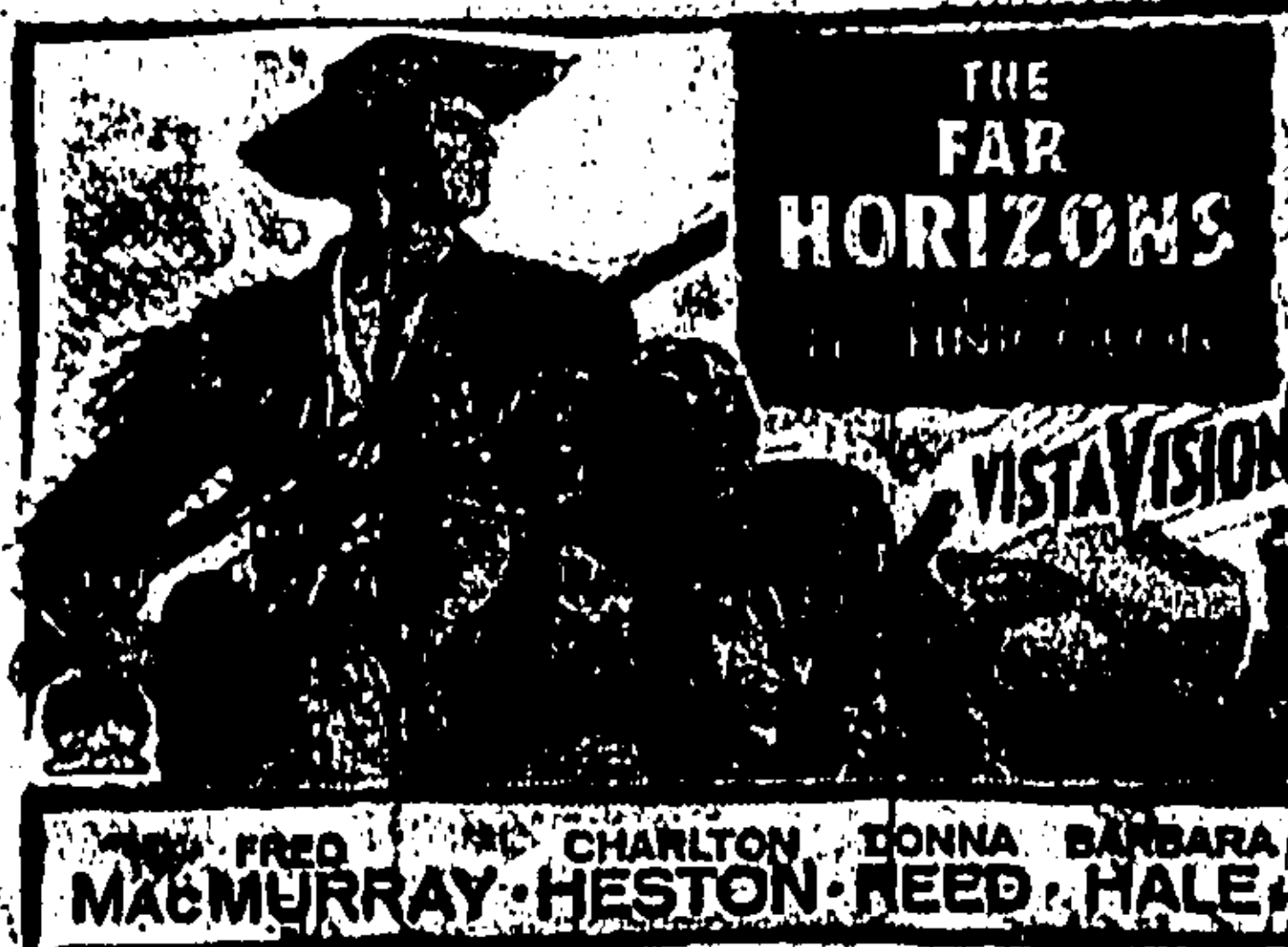
Presented by 20th Century-Fox

— Reduced Admission —

Roxy: \$1.50, \$1.00 & 70 Cts. Broadway: \$1.20 & 70 Cts.

CAPITOL RITZ

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



SUNDAY MORNING SHOW AT 12.30 P.M.

CAPITOL

RITZ

"WHITE HEAT" "WAR OF THE WORLDS"
A Warner Bros. Picture A Paramount Picture

FILMS

BY JANE ROBERTS

The New Films At A Glance

EMPIRE, KING'S and PRINCESS: "We're No Angels". A comedy about three escaped convicts whose hearts are nearer to the right place than they realize. Peter Ustinov, Humphrey Bogart, Aldo Ray, Joan Bennett and Basil Rathbone.
HOOPER and LIBERTY: "The Cobweb". The problems of both the patients and staff of a mental home. A fine performance from Richard Widmark. Others involved are Charles Boyer, Lauren Bacall, Gloria Grahame, Adele Jergens and Lillian Gish.
NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "The Road to Denver". A western. John Payne, Lee J. Cobb and Mona Freeman.
QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Game of Love". A French picture about two girls of identical appearance but different personalities who confuse the life of a member of the Foreign Legion. Gina Lollobrigida and Jean-Claude Pascal.
ROXY and BROADWAY: "It So Happens To A Woman". A Chinese picture in Mandarin with Hung Hsien-nu and Ping Fan.

COMING

EMPIRE, KING'S and PRINCESS: "You're Never Too Young". Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis in another of their crazy comedies.
KING'S and PRINCESS: "Following Doctor In The House". A comedy about a doctor who is a bit of a rascal.
QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "The Ship That Died of Shame". A picture about a ship that is sunk.
HOOPER and LIBERTY: "The King's Thief". Another tilt at history, moving up to Charles II's reign this time. A high grade swashbuckler. Ann Blyth, Edmund Purdom, David Niven and George Sanders.
NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "A Bullet for Joey". Edward G. Robinson is on the side of the law and George Raft provides the graft in this gangster tale.
QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "The Ship That Died of Shame". A picture about a ship that is sunk.
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poor view should have been taken of the fact that he has bashed his uncle's head in because he refused to lend him money) is a tonic.
The air of dedication with which Peter Ustinov approaches the task of manipulating the lock of a cash box, breaking the combination of a safe, or merely opening a locked door, is perfection in the difficult art of miming. Indeed, most of the funniest situations are done in dumb show, the success of them depending on Ustinov's expression.
Joan Bennett's part is a supporting one, but she shows a graciousness and sweetness that are very endearing. How charmingly this actress has aged. For once, instead of seeing a preview of "We're No Angels", I saw an evening show and was able to get what is known, somewhat technically, as audience reaction. There was no doubt about the appreciation, instead of having to stifle my howls of mirth in deference to the hearing of my neighbours, I was able to let rip with the knowledge that I was being drowned by the noise of laughter around me.
Definitely a film not to be missed.

Downfall Of A Gay Parisian

It seems to be fashionable for French pictures to have North Africa as a background and the Foreign Legion as their subject recently.
In "Game of Love", the young man with the spangled-like eyes (Jean Claude Ponsal) joins the Foreign Legion to escape a scandal. He has been a barrister in Paris, spent too much money on the lovely Lollobrigida and has committed "breaches of professional etiquette".
His girl-friend, deciding that discretion is the better part of valour, does not follow him to Algiers as she has promised, but the situation, cinemawise, is complicated by the appearance on the scene of a girl who is identical in looks with her, but of entirely different background, character and habits.
As coarse as his Parisian amour was refined, she so upsets the poor young man's equilibrium that he kills a fellow legionnaire over her.
The gyrations of the plot unravel themselves slowly and the end is tragic and Gallic.

A Triumph For Lillian Gish

Then there is the spider at the heart of the plot. Intrigues in the clinic—Miss Inch, the business manager. Devoted to Charles Boyer, resentful of Richard Widmark and clinging with all an embittered spider's tenacity to every vestige of authority she can acquire, she is the character of the bad feeling. This part is taken by the movie star of the old days, Lillian Gish. I had never seen her before but my impression that all the actresses of the silent screen did not merit the title of performance. Every movement and voice inflection was controlled and the underlying fairness of the character she was depicting was subtly conveyed, in spite of the apparent meanness of her actions.
Lauren Bacall is decorative, and although her part is not as important as the others to the story as a whole, her looks,

An Unassuming Trio

There's a ghoulish touch to "We're No Angels". There's also humanity without treacle sauce, and humour that bites instead of smothering one with custard.
On the face of it, the three dissemblants are pretty poor specimens. Humphrey Bogart is a forger, Peter Ustinov is a safe-breaker and Aldo Ray a murderer whose pet is a deadly snake that he carries around with him in a cage.
For their crimes they have been incarcerated in Devil's Island prison, from which they escape with the un-angelic idea of robbing a store and continuing on their unrepentant way.
Luckily for us, their better natures claim the day, and instead of robbing the place, they stay to help the store-keeper, who has got himself into financial difficulties, and offer advice to the daughter, who is pretty enough to have got herself into romantic difficulties.

SHOWING TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

4-Track, Directorial Stereophonic Sound — wide screen!



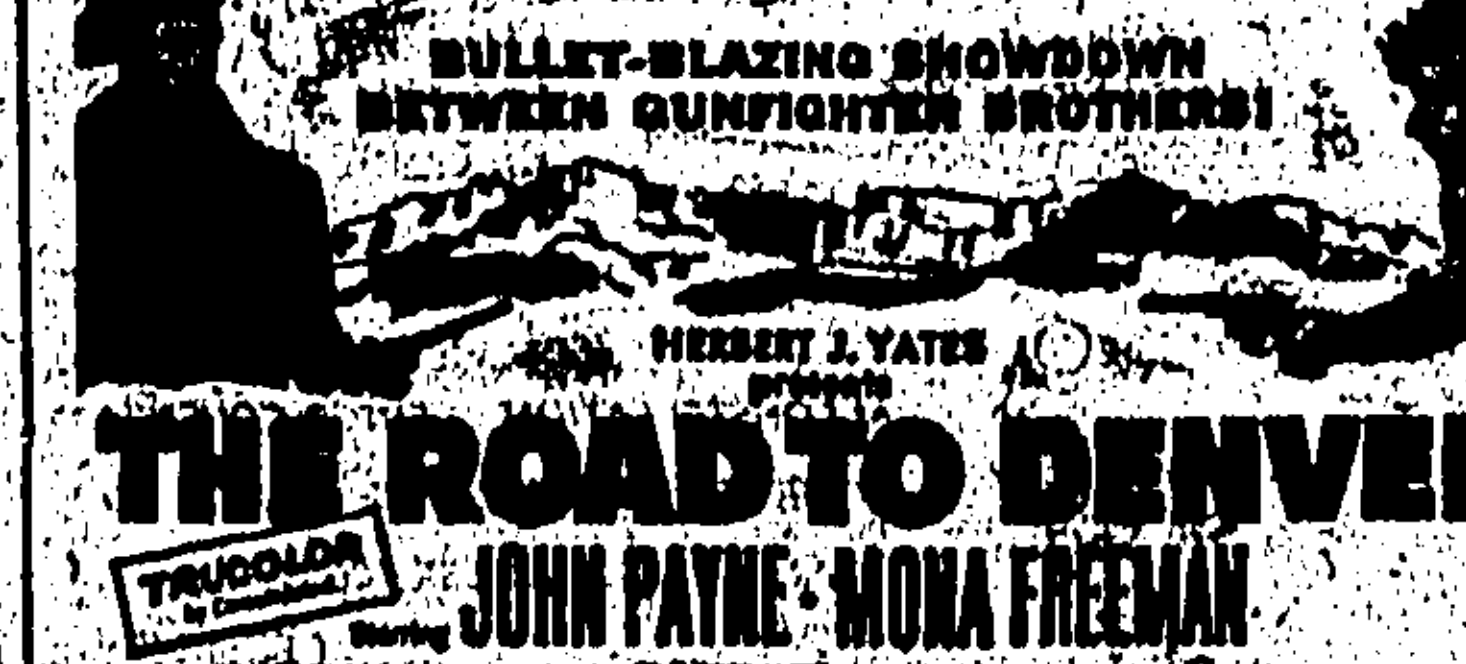
SPECIAL MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW at 12.30
AT REDUCED ADMISSION PRICES
Randolph Scott in "BOUNTY HUNTER" Technicolor

CHRISTMAS ATTRACTION at NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD



NEW YORK GREAT WORLD

COMMENCING TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



SUNDAY MATINEE AT 12.30 P.M.
NEW YORK: PARAMOUNT TECHNICAL CARTOONS
GREAT WORLD: "IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE"

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

SHOWING TO-DAY

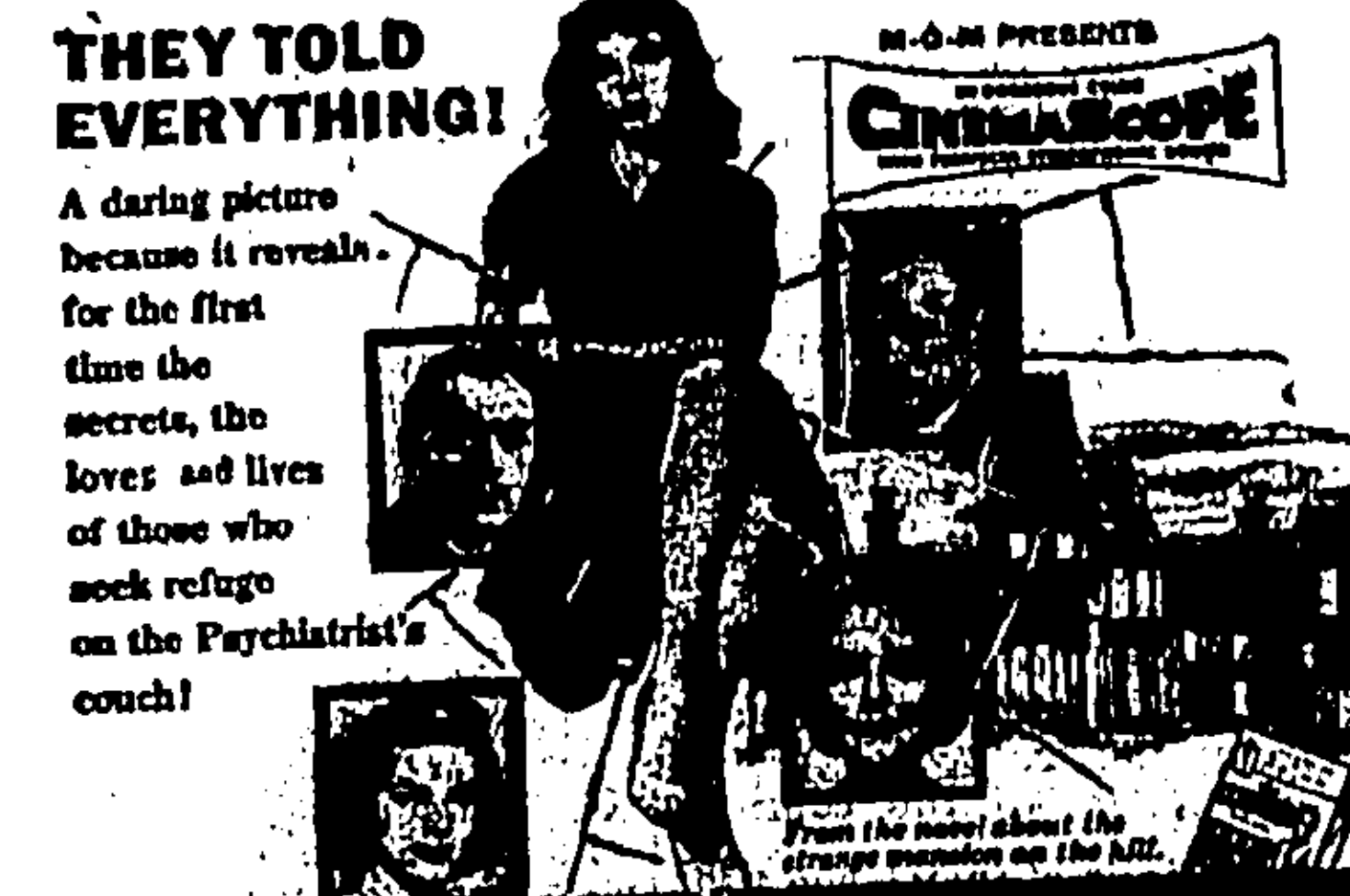


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SUNDAY MORNING MATINEE: REDUCED ADMISSION
HOOVER AT 12.00 LIBERTY AT 12.30

Ann Blyth, Edmund Purdom in "THE STUDENT PRINCE"
Jane Powell, Howard Keel in "SEVEN BRIDES FOR SEVEN BROTHERS"

Maurice Clare
VIOLIN RECITAL
with Marta Zalan, Pianist
at
WAH YAN COLLEGE HALL, HONGKONG
19th & 21st December, 1955
at 9.00 p.m.
Admissions: \$10, \$6, \$3 & \$2
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Christmas and New Year Festivities
Christmas Eve Dinner Dance till 2 a.m.
Christmas Day Special Tiffin Dinner Dance till 1 a.m.
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PART PROCEEDS DONATED TO CHARITY
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Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

A SCOTS LASSIE
BLUSHED....
She'd Forgotten Her
"Thur-ifty" Joke

New York.
Scottish beauty queen Robel Duff is here from Aberdeen as Scotland's "Queen of Industry" to urge people to visit her native land and to tell a few jokes on Scottish thriftiness.
"Aberdeen is noted for two things, you know," the red-haired, shy beauty explained. "It's kippers and its jokes about Thur-ifty Scots."
Asked for a quick joke on thirty Scots, Miss Duff suddenly blushed deep pink and confessed that Scottish women are no better at remembering jokes than their American counterparts.
"I have one written down here," the 23-year-old secretary said, handing over a neatly-typed card about a Scot's views on reducing the bus fare "from tuppence to one penny."
"But I'm afraid I hear them and then forget them," she said. —United Press.

'Koktails'
Return
To Moscow

Moscow.
Soviet-style "koktails," which disappeared during a Kremlin drive against drunkenness in 1954, are making a quiet comeback in Moscow.

Until the Malenkov Government launched a full-scale drive against drunkenness, there was a special "cocktail hall" in Gorky Street, Moscow's main street.

The "koktails" were such that the doormen had their work cut out electing those who drank too many. The "cocktail hall" suddenly closed for repairs, then reopened as a harmless ice-cream parlour.

The cocktails now sold at the Hotel Sovetskaya are similar in type and potency to those which were sold at "cocktail hall." But a sharp eye is kept on the main door, and it is difficult for prospective cocktail-drinkers to get in unless they plan to spend 40 roubles on a meal and variety show in the "night spot" next door.

Once inside, the customer has a choice of cocktails named Juniper, International, Friendly, Hawk, Sporting, Our Trade-mark, White Night, Taran and Mayak. Taran (battering-ram) is a gentle mixture containing half a shot of vodka topped with layers of brandy and plum, peach, and apricot liqueurs. Mayak (lighthouse) consists of vodka, Georgian port and cherry preserve. —China Mail Special.

Gaza Dogs Warned
'No Frattling'

Gaza.
Egyptian dogs mixing with dogs belonging to the Israeli side of the Gaza border will be destroyed by order of the authorities.

The same fate awaits Israeli dogs found straying in Gaza. The reason is the discovery of rabies in Israeli dogs along the frontier. —China Mail Special.

3,000 Eggs Roasted
For A Penny

Christchurch.
A penny, jammed in the slot of a telephone call-box, held up a summons to the fire brigade when a Christchurch poultry farm caught fire. The delay cost the farmer his packing shed and left him with 3,000 roasted eggs. —China Mail Special.

From London: A Peer Warns The World Of The Greatest Threat Facing Mankind.

From New York: A Controversial Hit Song Is Withdrawn From Publication By An American Music Firm.

From Moscow: 'Koktails' Make A Comeback In The Soviet Capital—'Koktails' With A Vodka Punch.

From Montreal: A Well-known Painter Is Going Underground To Paint A Mine.

H-Bomb, Cold War?... These Dangers Don't Compare With
MANKIND'S GREATEST THREAT

London.
Lord Simon of Wythenshawe says there is a "conspiracy of silence" to conceal from the world a threat to it more grave than that posed by the cold war or the hydrogen bomb.

The threat, he said, is the rising birth rate. The population of the world increases by more than 88,000 every day. This means an increase of 34,000,000 a year. In 1900 there were about 2,000,000,000 human beings on the earth. By 2000 AD there will be about 5,000,000,000.

DANGEROUS PRESSURES

The world is increasing its population with no regard for the fact that few countries can adequately support new population, Lord Simon said. The millions of new mouths to feed and millions of new bodies to clothe are setting up "dangerous pressures" around the world.

Lord Simon headed a group of "distinguished natural and social scientists" who just completed a two-year survey of "world population and resources."

With publication of their findings, Lord Simon opened an attack on what he said was

a deliberate attempt to ignore the birth rate dilemma. "You can't even get public bodies like the United Nations to discuss overpopulation even though it is a matter of unparalleled urgency," he said. "Why? I suppose because control of births cuts across some religious and folk beliefs."

TOUCHY INFORMATION

The world population survey was sponsored by "Political and Economic Planning," an independent research organization which has inquired into matters of public concern for 24 years. Its council of management includes a number of prominent Britons. Lord Simon, 76, has served in Parliament and as Lord Mayor of Manchester. He once headed the British Broadcasting Corporation. And is an authority on slum clearance.

Lord Simon said he was an old man and comfortably off so he didn't have to worry about the consequences of his hiding out touchy information.

ONLY SOLUTION

"So I can say birth control is the only solution I see for the dilemma which is rapidly advancing upon the world. I hope some way can be found to do this acceptable to all the main religions," he said. He urged a large-scale research project to find "the perfect pill" which would render human beings sterile for periods of about a month. Only such a pill, he said, could reduce the birth rate among people too ignorant or too lazy to use other methods.

Critics of Lord Simon's views claim the way to keep ahead of the population increase is to put more land under cultivation, press ahead with development of synthetic foods, and have the rich countries help the poor with money, food and technical assistance.

For these critics Lord Simon has three answers:

1.—Theory and experience flatly contradict the contention you can win a race against rising population by such projects.
2.—There is almost no possibility that manufactured food will lead during the next 25 years to a supply of foodstuffs sufficient to affect the world food problem.

3.—As to help from rich countries to poor ones, he cites the case of Puerto Rico. The United States gave its island possession "incomparably more generous aid than any

metropolitan country has ever allocated to any other colony." Result: Population doubled, the living standard went up hardly at all, and population pressure sends thousands of Puerto Ricans to the American mainland as immigrants.

CHINA'S ATTITUDE

At the time the report was being prepared, Lord Simon said, it appeared only two nations were aware of the dangers of their own growing population—India had allocated \$1,400,000 for a national birth control programme and Japan had performed over 1,000,000 legal abortions and 35,000 sterilization operations within a year. Since then, Communist China had declared that birth control is "in line with state policy" in that country.—United Press.

HE'S GOING A MILE
UNDERGROUND
—JUST TO PAINT!

Montreal.

A famous artist from England has been commissioned to make oil-paintings of a mine almost a mile underground.

Terence Cuneo, of Molesey, Surrey, arrived recently by ship to begin his assignment. He said, he also hoped to paint portraits of Toronto industrialist Mr. James Duncan and several prominent Montrealers.

Mr. Cuneo, whose father was born in the United States, told reporters that the underground paintings for the International Nickel Company in Canada would not be as strange for him as they might sound.

He went to South Africa three times to paint pictures of mining for the Anglo-American Corporation, and completed two portraits of Sir Ernest Oppenheimer while he was there.

Coronation Painting

He recalled that one of his African trips was probably the most dangerous assignment undertaken by an artist. He said he started one canvas of a mine cut while he was tied to a tree overlooking the mine's open precipice.

He brought his own materials with him for his two-month assignment. Mr. Cuneo, who came to Montreal with his wife, takes particular pride in a painting he did of the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II in Westminster Abbey.

The 11 by eight-foot canvas containing 53 individual portraits including the Queen, most members of the Royal Family, and the Archbishop of Canterbury was hung in the Royal Academy this year by special permission of the Queen. It is now back in Buckingham Palace.

Mr. Cuneo has painted Queen Elizabeth II three times, including her portrait in the big coronation canvas.—United Press.



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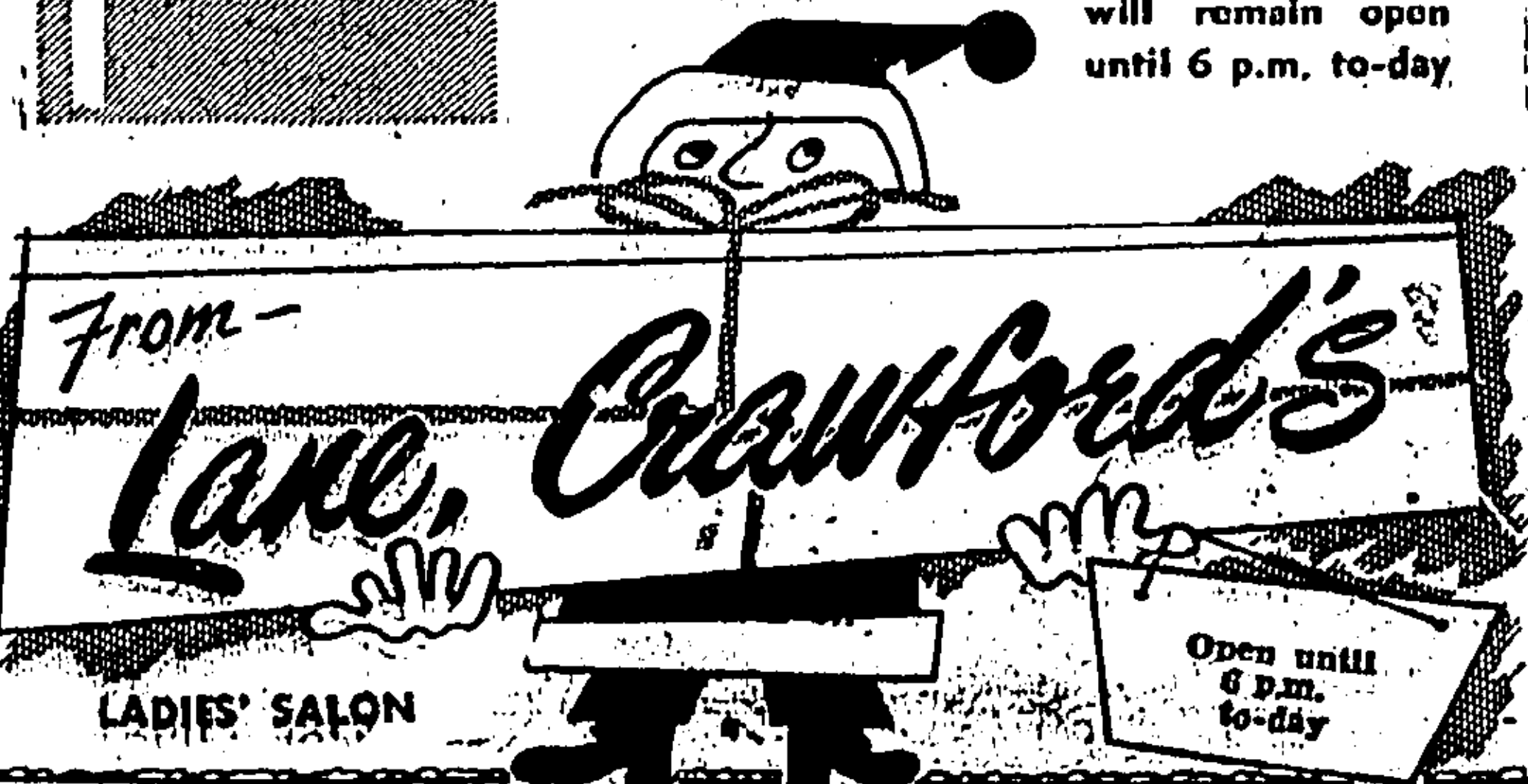
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Publishers Say: "We Deeply Regret..."
CONTROVERSIAL HIT
SONG WITHDRAWN

New York.
A New York music publishing firm announced recently it was abandoning plans to bring out a song called "I Don't Want to Ever Be A Princess," inspired by the romance between Princess Margaret and Group Capt. Peter Townsend. The announcement from Hill and Range Songs, Inc., came by way of an advertisement in the "trade publication" Variety. The advertisement was a reproduction of a telegram sent to the firm's representative in London.

Mr. Jean Aberbach, Vice President of Hill and Range, said in the telegram "we deeply regret it is our feelings were hurt" in Great Britain by news that "I Don't Want to Ever Be A Princess" was being published. He said there had been no plans to distribute the song anywhere but in the United States.

"Since we feel that copies or records may find their way into places where they would be considered controversial or in bad taste we have decided to withdraw the song from publication even in the United States," Mr. Aberbach said. "In any event we have not heretofore printed any copies or licensed any recordings."

Mr. Aberbach said the company originally thought the song represented the feelings of the vast majority of the American people, but it was now felt that "harmony between people is more important than establishing a hit song."

Mr. Aberbach refused to identify the writers of the song or to discuss the matter beyond what was stated in the telegram.—United Press.

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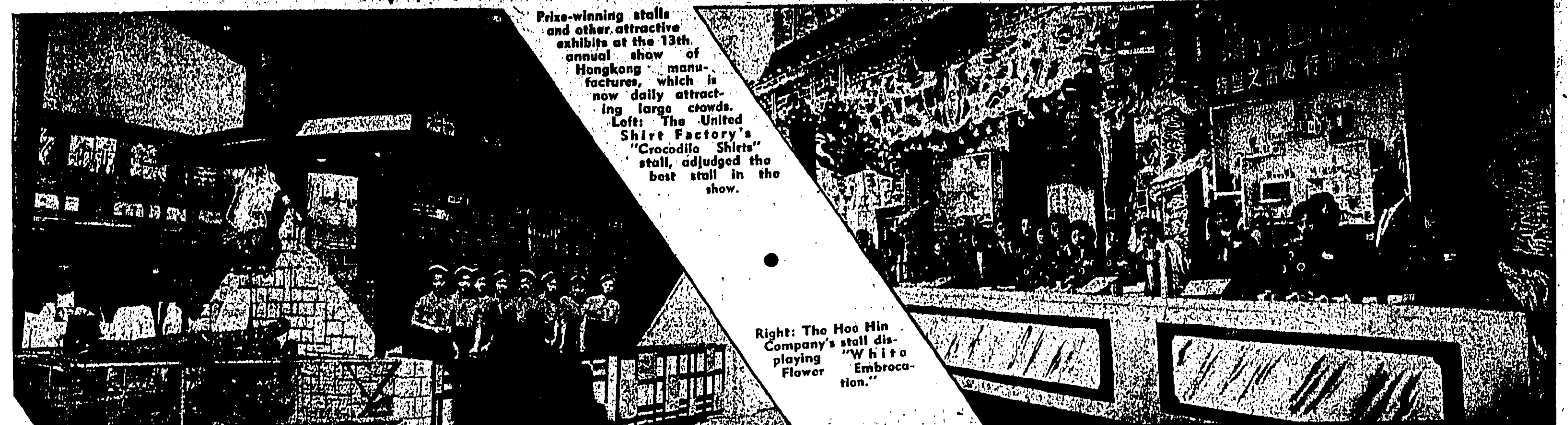
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The Rolex Oyster Perpetual Date is a watch which has been awarded the Grand Prix of Geneva.

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Facts & Figures—
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duced 30,655.
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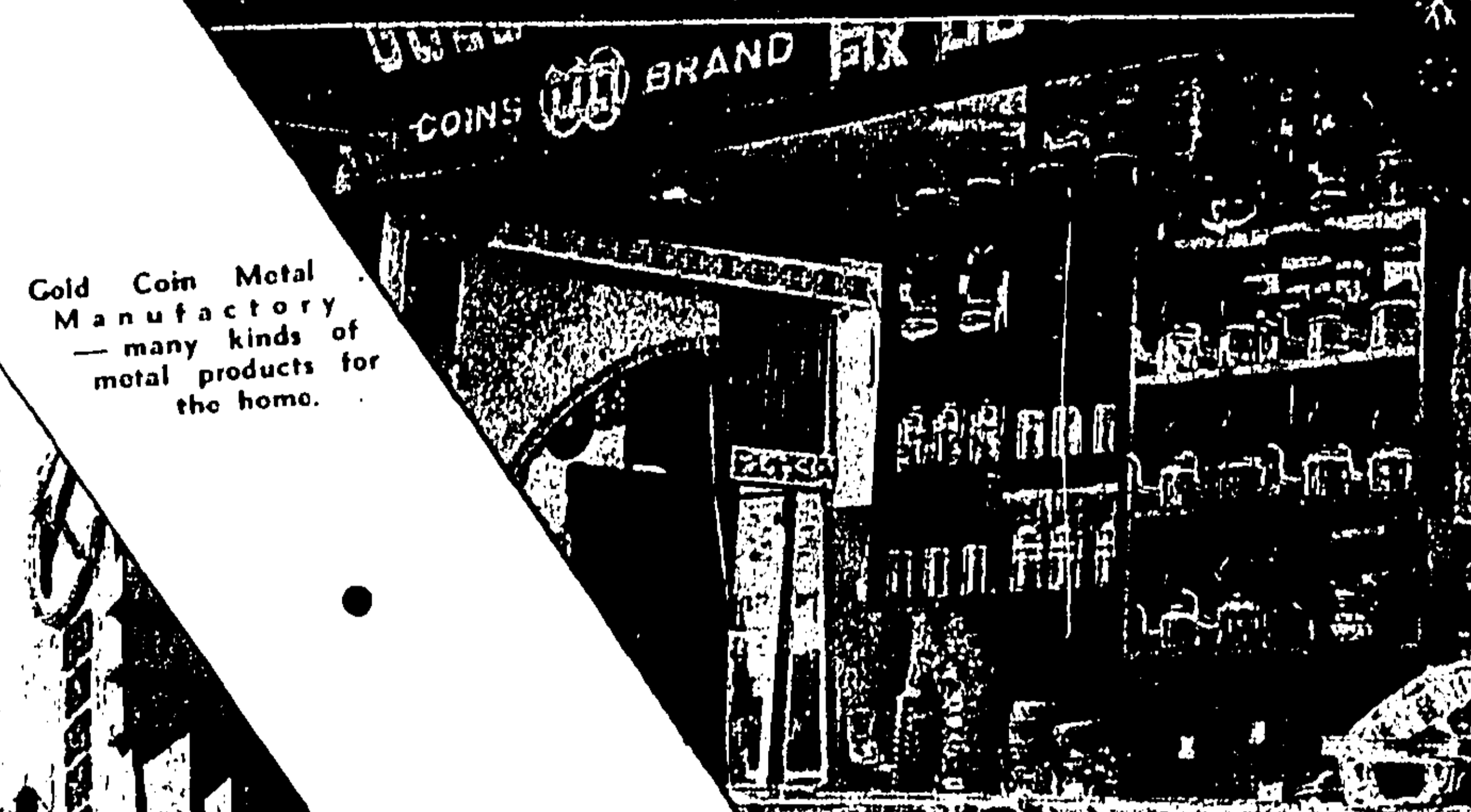


Prize-winning stalls and other attractive exhibits at the 13th annual show of Hongkong manufactures, which is now daily attracting large crowds. Left: The United Shirt Factory's "Crocodile Shirts" stall, adjudged the best stall in the show.

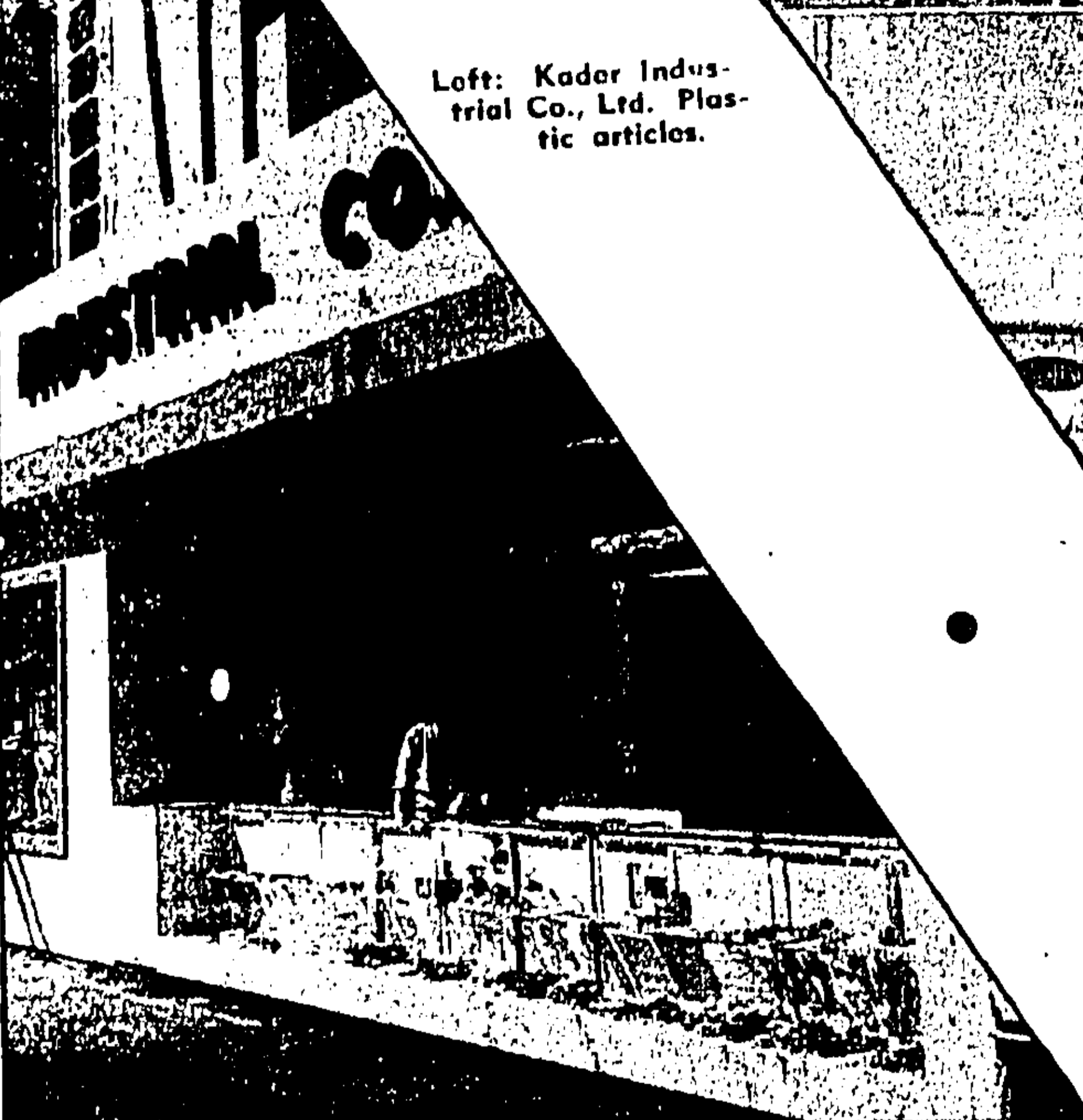
Right: The Hoo Hin Company's stall displaying "White Embrocation."

Hongkong Products Fair

Gold Coin Metal Manufactory — many kinds of metal products for the home.



Left: Kader Industrial Co., Ltd. Plastic articles.



Right: The China Dyeing Works, Ltd. For printed, dyed and bleached cotton piece goods.

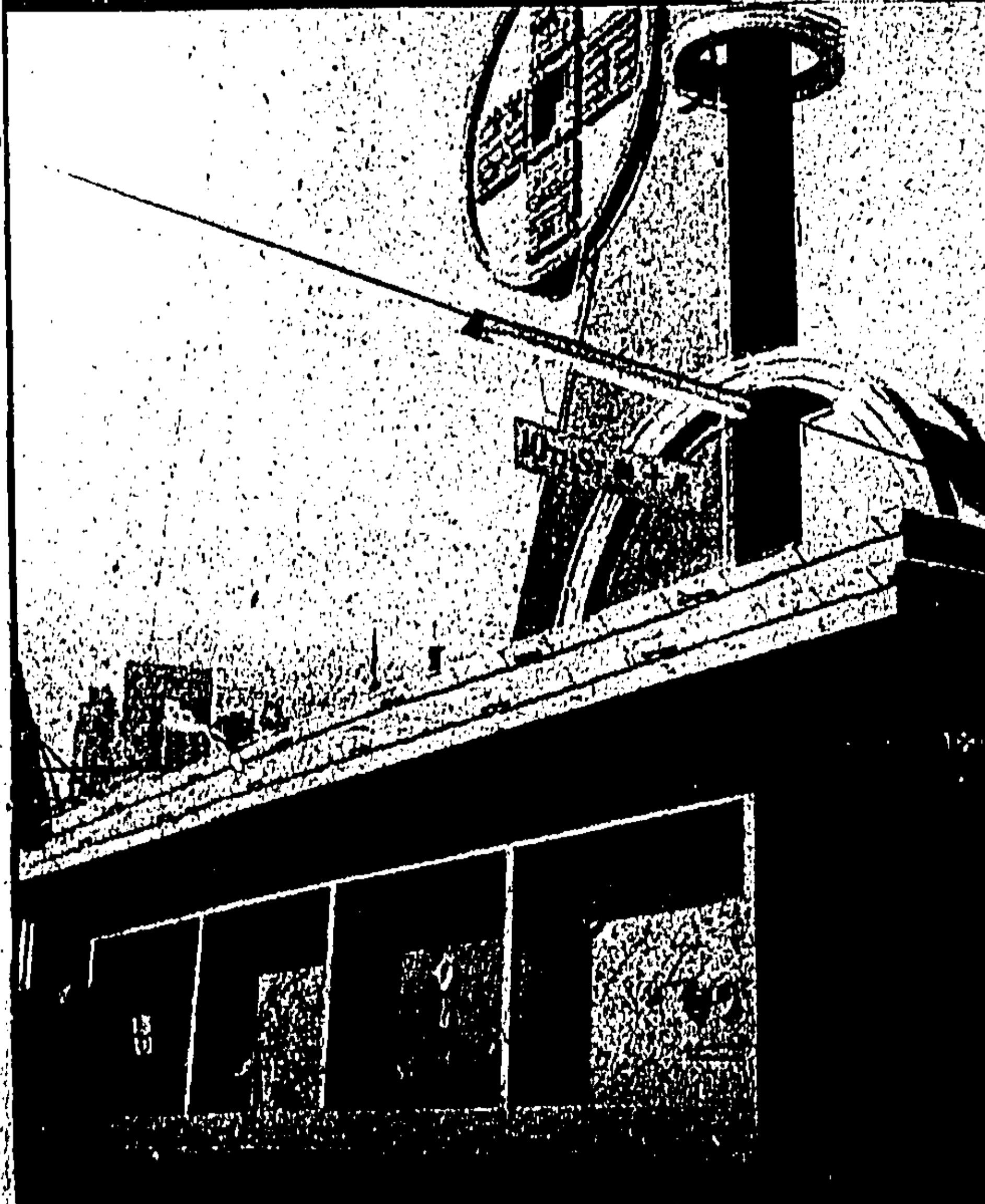


Left: Kader Industrial Co., Ltd. Plastic articles.

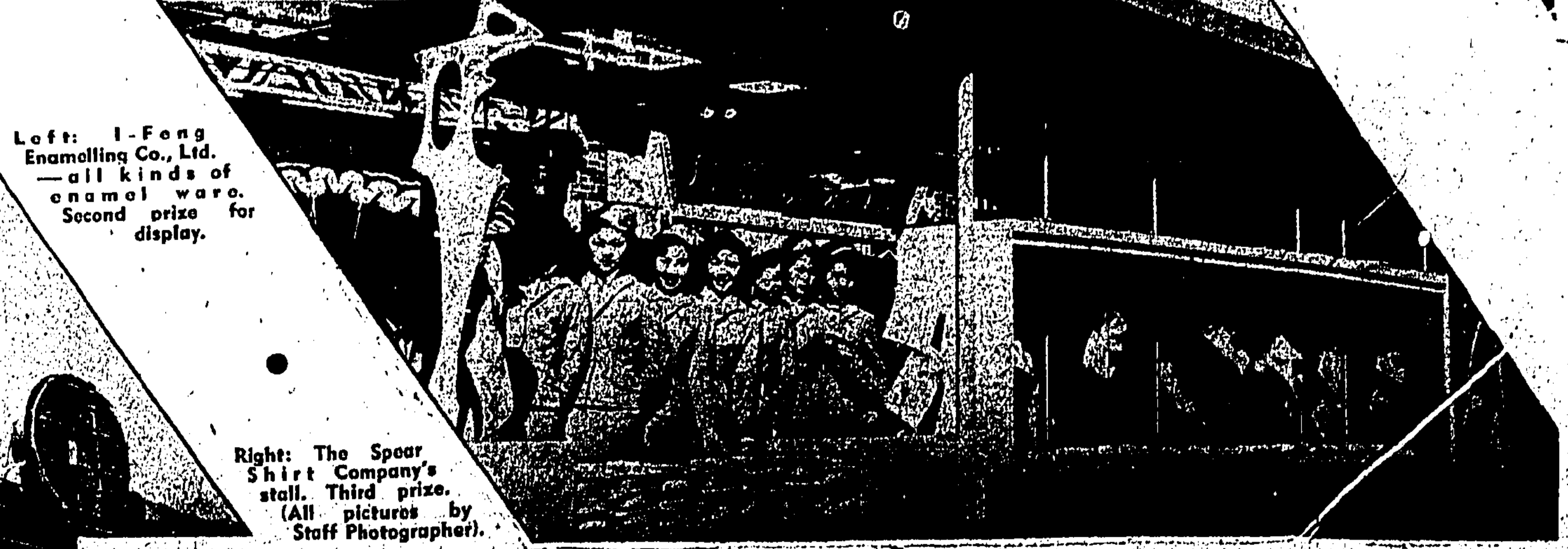


Left: Tat Ming Engineering Works, which produces machines for many purposes.

Left: I-Feng Enamelling Co., Ltd. — all kinds of enamel ware. Second prize for display.

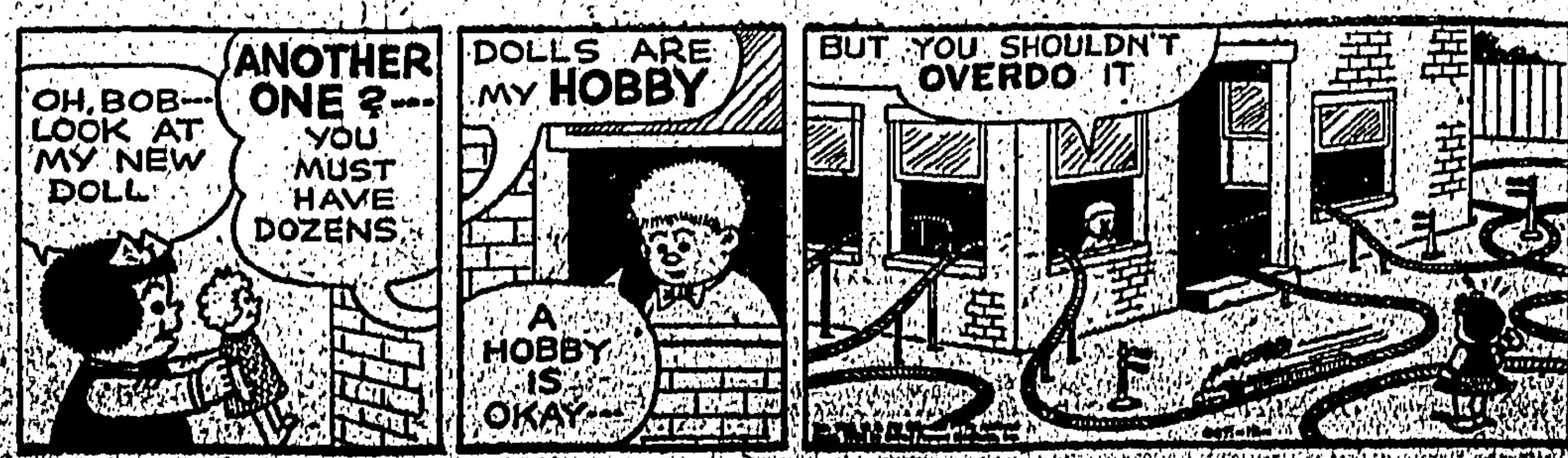


Right: The Spoor Shirt Company's stall. Third prize. (All pictures by Staff Photographer).



NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



BLACK MAGIC ASSORTED CHOCOLATES

WELL, WHAT D'YOU KNOW!

FIRST OF A NEW SATURDAY FEATURE:

What Happened To Those 11 Days?

When September 14 fell the day after September 2

"THIRTY days hath September" Every-body knows the old rhyme. But who said September should have thirty days?

It was our old friend Julius Caesar. Nearly two thousand years ago, with the help of his astronomers, he fixed the lengths of our months and devised the leap year. His system is called the Julian Calendar.

Caesar — who said the Earth took 365 days and a quarter to go round the sun — thought his calendar would keep up with Nature, if he added an extra day to it every fourth year. Unfortunately, his advisers' reckonings were not quite accurate. The world circumnavigates the sun in a few minutes less than 365-and-a-quarter days.

APRIL IN MAY

AS years passed, the Julian Calendar fell more and more behind. Shakespeare wrote of roses and lilies blooming in April, but the Elizabethan April was our May.

During Shakespeare's lifetime—in 1582, to be exact—Pope Gregory XIII suggested an amendment to Caesar's system. Ten days were to be dropped out, and there were generally to be no leap years at the end of centuries. Many countries agreed to Gregory's plan. Scotland adopted it in 1600.

Some nations, however, did not change to the Gregorian Calendar. England was one of them. So there were two calendars in Europe, gradually growing more and more out of step. That didn't matter as much as it would these days, because people travelled less then, and they were not so date-conscious as we are.

ELEVEN DAYS OUT

BUT by the middle of the eighteenth century, the Julian Calendar was eleven days "out of date," so to speak. It was Lord Chesterfield, a leading personality of the period, though, as he admitted, "an utter stranger to astronomical calculations," who finally persuaded the English Government to change to Pope Gregory's system. So, in 1752, England adopted the Gregorian Calendar. The change-over necessitated dropping eleven days from one of the months and, that year, September 14 fell the day after September 2!

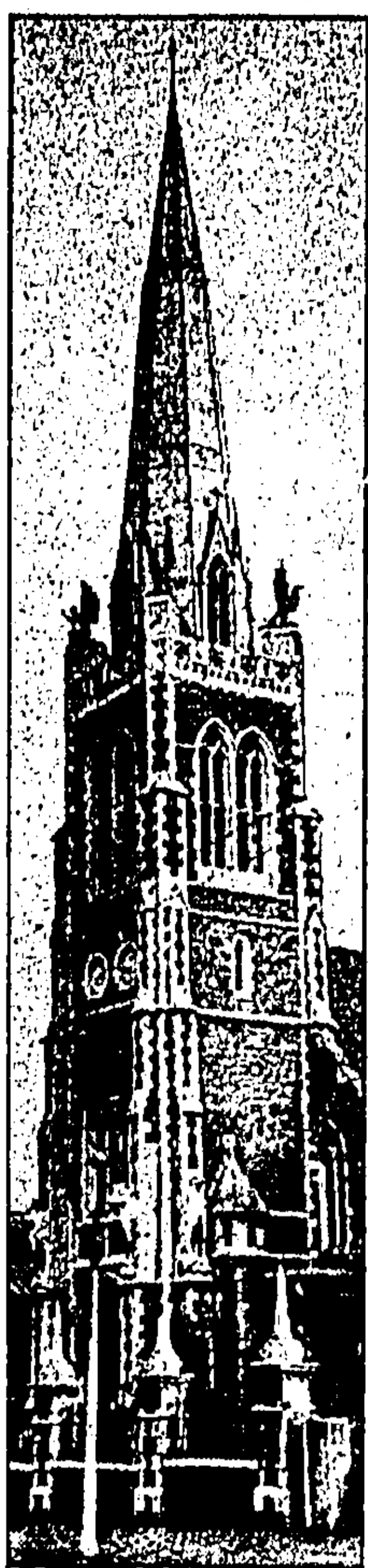
Uneducated people could not understand why the month was being curtailed. They felt that, in some way, their lives were being shortened. There were riots. Mobs gathered, shouting, "Give us back our eleven days! Deaths occurred at Bristol.

Until that time, our financial year had always started on March 25 — the old New Year's Day. But the authorities didn't want people to think they were paying a year's taxes on only 364 days, so they ended the financial year of 1752 eleven days late. And from 1753 to the present time, the financial year has begun on April 5.

(COPYRIGHT)

A locked, deserted church in North London recalls the astonishing Agapemonites and

THE BOGUS 'MESSIAH'



The Agapemonite Church at Clapton — who trims the lawns and sweeps the paths?

SANDWICHED between a trolley-bus depot and a block of flats in North London stands one of the capital's most intriguing enigmas — a church that is bolted and barred, where no service has been held since the early 1920s.

Hitler's war is not the reason for the barred wire which tops the surrounding iron railings — nor has vandalism played any part in the closing of this strange house of worship. No signboard is there to tell who is the responsible minister, or even the church's denomination or patron saint.

The only visible clue is carved over the porchway — the words "Love in Judgment and Judgment unto Victory." Few who live near this strange edifice—a stone's throw north of Clapton Common—know it to be the Ark of the Covenant, one-time spiritual home of one of the most astonishing religious sects ever known—the Agapemonites.

Outside the Ark of the Covenant the grass is trim and tidy, the paths swept clean. But there is a brooding silence inside the iron railings.

★ ★ ★

The Ark of the Covenant was built by one of the founders of the Agapemonites, a renegade Church of England curate called Henry James Prince. The movement was started in 1836 by a band of divinity students of St. David's College, Lampeter. Prince assumed leadership and they were originally known as the "Lampeter Brethren." The dedication service of the Ark of the Covenant was held in May, 1890, and attended by delegates from all over the world.

Prince was curate in the little Somerset parish of Charlach, and it was there that he first manifested his beliefs in an imminent "second

coming" and his own divine mission as a second St. John the Baptist. A handsome legacy from his wife, Martha Freeman, enabled him to build the Agapemonite at Four Forks, part of nearby Spaxton.

Agapemonite means, simply, "Abode of Love," a term of the highest spiritual significance at the outset, but one that was to convey a very much more material meaning in the years to follow.

The Agapemonite was soon a flourishing community, and a wealthy one at that. Every new member pooled his or her worldly wealth to live a communal life. One rich London merchant brought with him his whole fortune, and became Prince's liveried butler!

Most of the inmates were women, nearly all from substantial families, and Prince was involved in several lawsuits brought by the girls' relatives. He had, indeed, to return thousands of pounds. Even so he could afford to travel abroad in a magnificent coach-and-six attended by liveried outriders and a pack of hounds.

But Prince's hundreds of devoted followers were deeply shocked in 1899. Prince—who had boasted immortality—died. He was buried in the grounds of the sect's headquarters at Spaxton, leaving the Agapemonites without a leader. The succession lay between Charles Stokes Read, an ex-stockbroker, and the Rev. John Hugh Smyth Pigott. Smyth Pigott took over and Read became the sect's secretary.

Up to this time the Ark of the Covenant aroused no more interest in Clapton than any other group of Nonconformists. But on Sunday, September 7, 1902, came the bombshell.

Smyth Pigott stood before his believers in the Ark of the Covenant and in unequivocal terms announced his own divinity.

The congregation fell on their knees at his words and uttered loud exclamations of joy. The news spread like wildfire; hundreds of people came to the church hoping to catch a glimpse of this strange man who dared call himself God.

The following Sunday 6,000 people waited from dawn until evening to see this self-styled "Messiah" arrive. About 200 of these managed to get inside the church, while mounted police tried to control the angry mob outside. When Smyth Pigott arrived he was greeted with kisses, and hundreds of people swarmed over the iron railings, but the doors were barred to them. After the service Smyth Pigott was escorted by policemen to his carriage, but as he drove to his nearby home, Cedar Lodge, he dodged an angry shower of stones, bricks and even umbrellas.

A contemporary report stated: "This self-styled Messiah . . . would probably have been thrown into the pond at Clapton Common but for the protection of the mounted police."

Unpopularity in London drove him to Somerset and the sanctuary of his Agapemonite. For a period the scandal died down, though from time to time there were new recruits to the strange sect.

★ ★ ★

In July 1904, a very attractive girl called Ruth Annie Preece, went to live with Smyth Pigott and his wife, whom he had married on August 14, 1898. Miss Preece was one of three sisters whose father had left them comfortably provided for. A year later there came news of the birth at the Agapemonite of a child.

The records at Somerset House note that on June 23, 1905, a male child was born to Ruth Annie Preece (of independent means) and John Hugh Smyth Pigott (priest in holy orders). The name given to the baby boy was Glory.

And that was not all. On August 20, 1908, "Sister Ruth"—as she was now referred to—gave birth to another boy. The



Rev. John Hugh Smyth Pigott announced his own divinity.

Bridgewater registrar, Sidney W. Hook, was called to the Agapemonite on September 18, when the same details of parentage were recorded. This child was named Power.

After the birth of Power the Bishop of Bath and Wells took action and ordered that Smyth Pigott be arraigned before a Consistory Court on charges of immorality. Found guilty, he was unfrocked in Wells Cathedral in March, 1909.

Public attention was focused on the Agapemonite. It was revealed that there were nearly 100 women there, and only a handful of men. The inmates were divided into three classes—the menials, the middle-classes and the favoured. Sister Ruth was "Spiritual Bride-in-Chief," and Mrs. Katherine Smyth Pigott lived in her own apartments.

One stern critic wrote: "It is the headquarters of the cruellest delusion that England has seen for many a century."

And a headquarters it was, for Smyth Pigott had established branch sects in Scandinavia and even America. When gossip grew too persistent he would go to Norway for a rest—and to seek new adherents.

The police were unable to take action—for apparently every woman went into the Agapemonite of her own free will, and chose to stay.

Smyth Pigott—or the "Master," as he liked to be called—and Sister Ruth became the proud parents of a daughter, born on May 6, 1910, whom they named Life.

In time notoriety began to have its effect; fewer rich recruits came forward to offer themselves and their money to the cause of the Agapemonites.

Funds were wanting and the older members were dying. One of the Agapemonite customs was to bury their dead in an upright position. Death was a disgrace, since the whole sect was supposed to be immortal, and to die was an admission of sin.

Smyth Pigott, by then a bent and tired old man of about 75, died in March 1927. The funeral was conducted by his successor, Douglas Hamilton. Security measures were in full force at the Agapemonite. One reporter wrote: "Barbed-wire fences and warning notices seemed to have sprung up all round the grounds during the night Before being chased through a hedge by a watcher I was able to see the Agapemonite women in their long, flowing white garments and veils, and noticed here and there a woman in a sky-blue robe."

In his will Smyth Pigott, who died calling himself just plain Smyth, left all his possessions—some £3,000—to Sister Ruth. His legal wife, who lived until 1930, was ignored. The number of the faithful were thinning out rapidly. Hamilton was 78 when he died in 1942.

★ ★ ★

Today visitors to Spaxton can still see the Agapemonite—a triple-gabled mansion with a host of outbuildings behind a high surrounding wall. There live the remnants of the sect. Smyth Pigott's strange rites have long since ceased. Present head of the aging community is the original "Spiritual Bride"—Sister Ruth, now in her 80s. With her live some 15 Agapemonites.

Their belief is sincere and unshakable. But the huge, mail-studded doorway stays firmly closed to all strangers.

There is a curtain of silence that not even the telephone can penetrate. But we know that Smyth Pigott set up a trust fund for the maintenance of both the Agapemonite in Spaxton and the Ark of the Covenant in Clapton shortly before he died.

There is still a minor riddle at Clapton. Who trims the closed church? Who sweeps the lawns and sweeps the paths? Who holds the key to unlock one of London's modern mysteries?

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JOURNEY TO THE STARS answers the final question: IS IT WORTH WHILE? ★ MEN IN SEALED CITIES

THEY WILL TAP THE NEW WEALTH

WHO will be the first prospectors to the Moon and other worlds of the solar system? And what will these pioneers learn there?

The first landings will be limited SCIENTIFIC SURVEYS by small parties carrying on the work already started by robot vanguards.

Their impact upon man's knowledge of the planets—about which our present distant observations tell us so little—will certainly be tremendous.

On the spot they will be able to study in detail how these myriads of worlds are constituted and how they began. Maybe they will discover living organisms, indicating that the range of conditions under which life is possible is wider than has been supposed. Such a discovery would have profound effects on the biological sciences.

After the purely fact-finding expeditions will come the practical ENGINEERS. Their most important task will be to set up operational bases on the planets of greatest interest. These bases will be equipped to mine and refine the essential materials of space flight, to avoid the necessity for rockets to set out from earth constructed and provided for both the outward and return flights.

Possibilities

THIS would revolutionise the economics of interplanetary transportation.

In mining rare materials on other planets and shipping them across space, vast commercial possibilities might be found. And a base on our own Moon, manufacturing the structural materials of rockets and rocket-propellants, would be a particu-

by Dr. L. R. SHEPHERD

a Harwell atom-physicist who is chairman of the British Interplanetary Society

larly vital factor in space flight since the Moon would be an ideal stepping-stone in voyages between the earth and other planets. Bases of this type will demand fairly large permanent communities to operate them.

So next will come the COLONISTS. Theirs will be the fantastically formidable task of establishing settlements in utterly alien surroundings.

Just how alien? In what circumstances will these intrepid pioneers be required to live and build and prosper?

Little oxygen

WELL, not one of the other planets of our solar system has an atmosphere worth talking about. Carbon dioxide appears to predominate in the primitive air of Venus. The tenuous atmosphere of Mars contains very little oxygen, if any, and the atmosphere of Titan seems to consist of methane.

With the exception of Mars and possibly Venus, the temperatures that exist at the surfaces of the solar planets reach extremes which would kill most terrestrial organisms.

So the interplanetary colonists will have to provide themselves with hermetically-sealed buildings and even cities, perhaps under domes and in artificial caverns.

Such conditions might appal many of us. But remember that many people live under highly artificial surroundings even to-

day. Our descendants in a highly mechanised civilisation will be still more accustomed to life under artificial conditions. And they may find nothing remarkable in the possibility of having the vastness of their lives in sealed cities on alien planets.

Where will the colonists go first?

Certainly the objective of man's first interplanetary voyages will be the Moon, not only because it is nearest to us but also because it is a small world, with a mere eighth of the mass of the earth, and the effort of a rocket landing and taking off again in its gravitational field is all the smaller as a result.

Stronger pull

FOR the same reason the second objective is likely to be Mars rather than Venus, which has a stronger gravitational pull than Mars. In addition, we have never seen what lies beneath the cloudy atmosphere of Venus and the risks of landing there are hard to measure.

Scientific and practical advances of colossal consequence will emerge from these achievements. New communities may give rise to new cultures and enrich the vision and experience of the human race, as they have done in the past.

But, in the final analysis, it is not the promise of tangible returns that lures men into space.

Ultimately it is the irresistible passion of an eternally questing spirit which has hitherto found its expression in the conquest of high mountains, deep seas, and polar ice-fields. It is this untamable urge—without which he would never have emerged from his caves and tree-logs—that is driving man towards the conquest of space.

BEHIND IT ALL: An astronomer priest faces the fundamental dilemma of every mind that peers into space and says:

This Need Not Kill Your Belief In God

THE great dilemma of the Space Age is already gnawing at men's minds; can our religious beliefs be reconciled with our increasing scientific knowledge?

There is a man working in a tiny Oxford office who symbolises this dilemma. Father Patrick Treanor is a Roman Catholic priest who is also a full-time scientific astronomer at the university observatory. He looks at the heavens through the coldly analytical lens of a telescope.

How does he, a religious scientist, square the accounts of the Creation in Genesis with the scientific explanation of the origins of the universe?

REVELATION

Father Treanor, a trim 35-year-old, settles more comfortably in his wooden chair, and says: "Really, there is no discrepancy from any point of view. Scientific evidence favours the theory of a creation of the universe at a definite time as distinct from a universe which had existed for all eternity.

"Science is trying to establish empirically something which is not fully within its confines. The kind of knowledge that comes from the

Revelation gives us a higher kind of certainty in the fact of the Creation."

Father Treanor believes it is a matter of the right understanding of Genesis. He says that Genesis is considered to be an historical document, "but that is not to say that the words or style are the same as would be used today."

EVIDENCE

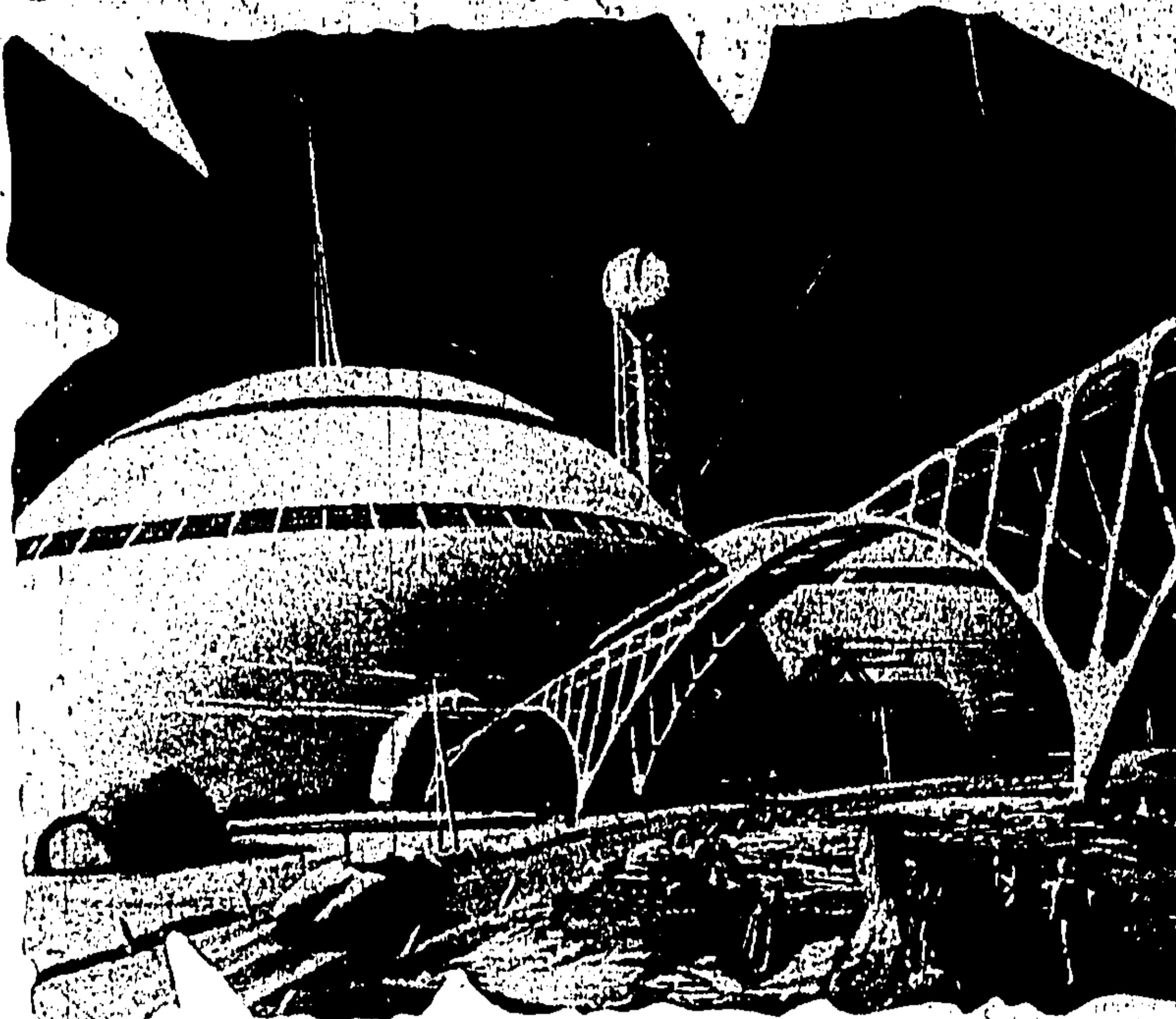
In principle, he argues, there can be no discrepancy between two truths which stem from the same source. What he means is this: "God, as author of the universe, has given us certain information."

"Man, who is created by God, has found evidence which has been provided by God. There can, in fact, be no conflict."

Put to Father Treanor the belief of some scientists that the universe spontaneously evolved over millions of years from a vast cloud of gas.

Father Treanor is not perturbed. "Who put the gas there?" he asks.

"Creation is the making of something out of nothing. So long as that fact is preserved one can go a very long way with scientists and their theories."



The Moon colonists will have the task of establishing settlements in utterly alien surroundings. By the process of adaptation, to meet the problems of survival, they will develop a new and virile society, technology, and science. They will have to provide themselves with hermetically-sealed buildings and even cities.

—And after the Moon...through the 'Light Barrier'...

by Dr. ALAN HUNTER

of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich.
Secretary of the Royal Astronomical Society

With artificial satellites planned for 1957, with travel to the Moon predicted as within our life time, it is not too early to ask: "Where next after the planets?"

Will man ever reach the stars? Compared with the distance to the stars, planetary distances—enormous as they are by ordinary standards—are almost infinitesimally small.

The nearest star is so far away that the mile becomes ludicrous as a unit of measurement. Its distance from us is 25,000,000,000 miles. Nobody can appreciate a string of zeros like that, so astronomers use as a yardstick the distance a light-ray covers in a given interval of time.

Light travels at 186,000 miles a second. A ray of light from the sun would therefore reach the Moon in just over a second, so we say the Moon is rather more than a light-second away. Using the same scale, the sun is nearly nine light-minutes away. But the nearest star is over four light-years away.

ockets started dropping about our ears and we had to revise our opinions.

As our knowledge of nuclear physics increases, more and more power will become available to us. At present it is used with fantastic inefficiency. Only a tiny fraction of the potential energy inside the uranium nucleus is used in the atom bomb, and an even smaller fraction of the energy in the hydrogen nucleus is used in the H-bomb.

Upper limit

YOU may well ask: Why this emphasis on the speed of light? Has it some significance of its own apart from its convenience in quoting large distances? The answer of modern physics is: Yes. It is believed to set a natural upper limit to attainable speeds. Nothing, it is thought, can travel faster than 186,000 miles a second. If it did, the whole theoretical structure of modern physics would come toppling down. Well, it wouldn't be the first time.

The modern theory that sets a physical limit to possible speeds is a pretty good theory, but pretty good theories have a way of being superseded by a better one. The theory that the sun goes round the earth once a day was a pretty good theory—it lasted 15 centuries—but it gave way to a better one. There may be a "light barrier" analogous to the sound barrier which loomed so large in the aerodynamics of a few years ago, but there may not. And even if there is, well, to the traveller of the future, whose knowledge enables him to speed up a vehicle to even half the speed of light, there will be slugs no more than 10 years off. He might think the game worth the candle.

As for conditions at the far end, when we speak of travel to the stars we do not, of course, contemplate going any closer to a star than the planets do to our own sun. The stars are at temperatures ranging from about 4,000 degrees F., a

temperature quite unattainable on earth except by using nuclear reactions.

Our own sun is a pretty typical star at a white heat (10,000 degrees F.) and it would be asking for trouble to approach it even as close as the planet Mercury does. What is quite possible is that the future interstellar explorer will find planets circling round the stars. We have indeed already some evidence to show that this is the case.

Not that we can hope to see anything so small as a planet at stellar distances. But it was noticed, early in the last war, that two of our close neighbours among the stars were behaving peculiarly. Each was found to be weaving from side to side in its motion through space in just the way that would be expected if it were being attracted from the straight and narrow path by the gravitational pull of a large planet circling periodically round it.

Long chase

If this is the correct explanation the future space traveller may well find planets—perhaps habitable ones—at his journey's end.

Even at that he can still be far from boastful about his achievements. He will have generated only insignificantly into space as it is revealed by modern telescopes. A few dozen light-years is just round the corner to astronomers. Our own Milky Way system is 100,000 light-years across, and is only one of countless such clusters of stars, scattered uniformly in space, that we see as the spiral nebulae.

A daunting prospect of a long chase for the space-man! He might be forgiven for deciding to stay at home and build bigger and better telescopes for space exploration in comfort. And yet—and yet—man does not finally give up any struggle. Who will be bold enough to say the stars are for ever beyond our grasp? (COPYRIGHT)

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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



THE GREAT MIND-PILL PHENOMENON.

A Health Service 'booster' takes the stress from mixed-up living

By Chapman Pincher

TAKE a close look at these advertisements, which are typical of many appearing in the medical journals. They are the only outward sign of a multi-million pound industry which has grown up quietly and is flourishing mightily.

It is the industry for supplying "pills for the mind." Pills to counter the irritability of the harassed housewife and the mental tension of the overworked husband, as well as the symptoms of people with serious disorders.

Root Cause

MANUFACTURERS estimate that "mind pills," or "tranquillisers," as the doctors call them, already make up the biggest single item in the 150,000,000 a year drug bill for the Health Service.

They are immensely useful to the family doctor, because about 30 percent of his patients have symptoms which are entirely the result of mental stress.

These patients make the doctor's day—and night—difficult because, though the root cause of their trouble is usually some turmoil in their private lives, they turn to him persistently for help.

Now the manufacturers are offering a range of "mind pills," which seem to be tailor-made for these people. Indeed one of them is advertised as an answer to "the problem of the recurring 30 percent."

Is the patient an overburdened mother with "vague feelings of depression?" Then a pill composed of barbiturate, p.p.-ing, and a muscle-relaxing agent will enable her to "take the day in her stride."

Is "mild nervous exhaustion" the trouble? Then tablets of barbiturate mixed with vitamins is the answer. Is the patient merely "harassed?" Then a "mind pill" of a different mix will "induce a mood of calm cheerfulness." And so on.

For those who believe the barbiturates should be restricted to the seriously ill there are alternative drugs which are safe and leave no hangover.

These are just what the doctor ordered for the scores of patients who haunt his surgery with nothing wrong with them except boredom and a morbid fear of ill-health.

Doctors Only

MANY of the latest anti-anxiety drugs are so safe that they could be on open sale at the chemist's counter. Yet the manufacturers prefer to limit their sale to doctors' prescriptions.

Why? Mainly because they can sell much more that way in the long run.

As soon as a firm advertises a drug to the public or merely makes it available, Health Ministry experts are likely to black-list it, which practically prohibits doctors from prescribing it under the Health Service.

Teddy Boys....

THERE is also genuine concern in most firms that "mind pills" may be misused. The chief of one firm which makes an anti-anxiety drug formerly on free sale was puzzled by big orders from Southend. He found the drug was selling mainly to Teddy

Boys who took it to give them courage in their gang fights. Firms are confident that the market will expand for three reasons:—

ONE—There is a growing conviction among doctors that many serious complaints are caused by mental stress.

TWO—"Mind pills" are bound to increase their appeal in a tablet-taking age when people believe they must be suffering some distress from the strain of artificial living.

THREE—The existence of the Health Service will ensure a steady sale of the drugs because their immediate cost seems negligible to the patients though they eventually have to pay for them through taxation.

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PARIS NEWSLETTER from SAM WHITE

A FEW SCRAPS OF PAPER

FIFTY-NINE-YEAR-

OLD actress Elvire Popesco called on international lawyer Count Rene de Chambrun—descendant of Lafayette and son-in-law of the late Pierre Laval—one day last week and asked him to begin proceedings to clear an old friend from the posthumous charge of insanity.

From her handbag she produced some scraps of paper which when placed together constituted the last will made by playwright Louis Verneuil only eight days before he committed suicide in 1932 in a Paris hotel room.

In this will Verneuil left to Mlle. Popesco the royalties from all his plays which include such international successes as "The Cousin from Warsaw," "Love and Let Love," and "Affairs of State."

Not Only Will

This, unfortunately, was not the only will Verneuil made in the course of an agitated life and Mlle. Popesco's indignation was provoked by the fact that a Los Angeles court had just ruled that Verneuil was insane when he made his will in her favour.

Instead the court held that the only valid will was in favour of a Miss Florence Ryan with whom he lived in Hollywood for 10 years.

Two other Verneuil wills have been submitted for probate: one

by singer Clara Tambour and the other by his former secretary, Eva de Wyck. This is Mlle. Popesco's story of her will. "Louis came to see me one evening at the theatre and left an envelope. When I opened it and saw that it was his will I tore it up, and told my dresser to pick up the pieces and return them to him when he called again. He did not call back and a few days later I learned of his suicide."

"I did not and do not want his money, but I am determined to clear his name from the charge of insanity."

His Star

Verneuil and Mlle. Popesco were married in 1924 and divorced 13 years later. While the marriage lasted, it was one of the great theatrical partnerships.

It was Verneuil who put her on the stage and from that time she starred in all his plays. A writer of brilliant comedies, Verneuil suffered all his life from recurring bouts of deep depression.

He was also indolent, easily imposed upon and fell in love, easily, frequently and desperately. There is almost a note of deliberately intended mockery about the legal confusions which he left behind him.

In conjunction with her legal action Mlle. Popesco is also planning an immediate revival of Verneuil's most successful comedy, "The Cousin from Warsaw."

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DYLAN THOMAS

The Legend And The Book

I HAVE just read a book which has the same horrid fascination as photographs of murdered bodies on the front pages of the more sensational American newspapers. One looks reluctantly, but one looks. It is "Dylan Thomas in America," written by John Malcolm Brinnin, the pale, mild-mannered man who directs the Poetry Centre in New York.

'The man at the Poetry Centre writes an astonishing story... I read it with horrid fascination'

EVELYN IRONS cables from NEW YORK

double here is a quintuple at home. One of his first recorded remarks was, "What posh cars American poets have."

That and the next days were long progressions from bar to bar punctuated by parties, one of the first of which was given in Thomas's honour by a young academic critic, whose over-earnest guest the poet "sent up" by "telling bawdy scatological stories, making preposterous suggestions to the ladies, answering serious questions about certain of his poems with straight-faced obscenity."

This is not without macabre humour and so is an incident at the next gathering on the same evening at which he made "mumbling, fumbling" advances to American short-story writer Katherine Anne Porter, and on being rebuffed, "suddenly, as if she had no more weight than a doll, lifted her in her coat and gloves until her head was within an inch of the ceiling, and kept her there."

MAGNIFICENT EFFECT

Next night, after "retching into a basin as if he would never stop" five minutes before he was due on the stage, he read from the works of other English poets and gave a selection from his own with magnificent effect—"the first of those performances which were to bring America a whole new conception of poetry reading."

After that, notwithstanding his non-stop debaucheries and his affairs, with at least three women, he failed only once in all four American tours he made to turn up on schedule for his public appearances.

In his anxiety to record everything, Brinnin does not omit that although Dylan compensated himself with apparent grace when staying in Washington with Francis Biddle, the former U.S. Attorney-General, and his wife, Dylan picked up several shirts belonging to one of the family from a drawer in his room and stuffed them into his bag before leaving.

Brinnin, who is not a professional agent, acted as Thomas's manager on his American tours and had a terrible time with his client's finances. Money flowed from Dylan's pockets into the



Dylan Thomas — "If he was as great as we think..."

bars and unless Brinnin had secreted 800 dollars in a handbag he put in the luggage as a present for Catlin, Mrs Thomas would have got practically nothing from his earnings from engagements, for which payment was up to 500 dollars each and from which Brinnin expected the Welshman would take 3,000 dollars home.

PHYSICAL MISERIES

That was the first of the four American visits and the rest became progressively more squallid, with Thomas roaring through bar-rooms and parties making drunken love to any woman he met and spending money on insane excesses.

Yet, notwithstanding his bitter unhappiness about the dissipation of his genius and his physical miseries, reading poetry in his inspiring tones to packed and delighted audiences all over America.

I asked Brinnin to tell me just why he had written this book. He said he could not understand why his "sensational aspects" were being emphasized and asked me to "correct his impression."

"I'm highly distressed," he protested, "that the standards of middle-class morality should be applied to this. If Dylan was as great as we think he is, it is important to put down the facts

that I alone possess. I wanted to recreate Dylan as he was and to get rid of the fantastic public legend that had grown up around him. I wanted to get the record straight."

He added, in response to my question, that "Dylan Thomas in America" would be published in England in February or March or may be earlier and that Christopher Isherwood, who has lived many years in America, had said that it was "worthy of its subject."

HE MEANS WELL

Reputable reviewers here have allowed that Brinnin's motives were honourable and that he meant nothing but good.

May be one ought to read this book as if it were biographical material on a poet long dead. Thomas died two years ago last month—and if one dare be middle-class enough to mention it—his young sons and daughter are not old enough to say whether they like it or not.

But, as Catlin Thomas says about Brinnin in her statement: "It is impossible to nitpick at a man who does not know that he is letting you and who is too cautious of the law to libel to say plainly what can only be read between the lines."

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WIDOW'S PROTEST

It contains shocks even for those familiar with London stories about him. Mrs Catlin Thomas, the Welsh poet's Irish widow, has not denied the factual truth of the sordid tale of disintegration. But she has protested that it is not the whole truth about the man and her angry objections are printed as a foreword at her own request.

Brinnin has often had British writers to lecture or give readings of the YM-YWHA (Young Men's and Young Women's Hebrew Association) Poetry Centre to packed audiences of eager fans, and besides Thomas I have heard Sir Robert and Dame Edith Sitwell and Elizabeth Bowen there. But he has not written books about these visits. He has publicised Thomas's trips fully, however.

The bare facts written by any hack would be easily read. But Brinnin is a poet and a teacher at the University of Connecticut, and he has produced a masterly narrative which literary people can enjoy with a good conscience.

'LIKE AN IMMIGRANT'

Brinnin's account of Thomas's pilgrimage from a hangover to hangover starts with the Welshman's arrival at Idlewild for the first time "on a raw February morning in 1930."

"Buddled like an immigrant in a shapeless, rough woollen parka, his hair as tangled as a nest from which the bird has flown."

He had not recovered from a farewell party in London, the previous night, and his breakfast was "a double Scotch—"

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I CHOOSE THE SENORA . . .

...as London's loveliest

diplomatic hostess

by Eileen Ascroft

LONDON has probably never before enjoyed so many beautiful women among her diplomatic corps. Diplomatic gatherings these summer days are a fine parade of fashion and beauty.

As London's loveliest diplomatic hostess I name Senora Iris Suazo, wife of the Charge d'Affaires of Honduras.

A voluptuous brunette of only 24, Senora Suazo likes to follow fashion. Her daytime uniform is a smart black suit and large or small hats with eyeveils.

In the evening she chooses romantic picture dresses, with strapless or halter-necked tops and swirling skirts, in lace, tulle or brocade.

IN THE ARGENTINE:

FRESH WINDS BLOW CLEAN

By Peter Hahn

Buenos Aires. THERE'S a fresh breeze blowing through Argentina's political jungle. The country's new provisional President, Pedro Aramburu, has accomplished three things since he relieved President Eduardo Lonardi. He has smashed the diehard Peronista CGT (the syndical-style trade union organisation built up by General Peron).

The glory of Peronista days, when the CGT was the dictator's strongest weapon, lingered on under Lonardi. After Aramburu took office the unions, fearful of losing political influence, called a general strike for a showdown with the Government.

For two days the situation looked serious for Argentina's tottering economy. But President Aramburu's counter-measures left only smithereens of the one-time union colossus.

Government troops rigidly enforced law and order. Labour leaders and strike promoters were arrested. As a final blow, the Argentine Marine Corps took over CGT headquarters in Buenos Aires. After this act of force the union's attempt at a display of strength folded up.

President Aramburu appointed Government Commissioners for all trade unions and four days after the strike call the nation's economy functioned normally once more.

The new administration's second accomplishment was when they ousted a group of Fascist Catholic Nationalists who tried to take over the rule of the Argentine under Lonardi.

Infiltration

Led by Lonardi's brother-in-law, Clemente Villada Hochaval, this nucleus had successfully infiltrated the Government's key positions with hand-picked men of extreme right-wing leanings. Ministers of Foreign Relations, Labour, Army, Education and the Interior were in the hands of Nationalists. President Aramburu has replaced them all but one. At the express request of the Catholic Church, he retained Attilio del Oro Maini as his Education Minister.

As a third measure the new Government took to safeguard democracy, Aramburu named Dr Adolfo Lanus to dissolve the Propaganda Ministry. The disappearance of this Secretariat means that an honest attempt is being made to re-educate the country's press to self-reliance instead of the previous practice of word-for-word copying of official releases.

Political circles in Buenos Aires are fully aware that all this is not entirely the doing of General Aramburu. The man who really engineered Argentina's new Government is Admiral Isaac Rojas—first Lonardi's and now Aramburu's Vice-President.

Admiral Rojas did not himself step in as President because he and his Navy are well aware of the fact that Argentina can never be governed by a Navy man. It takes an Army man to hold the garrisons of the provinces of the interior of the country under control.

And it is against Admiral Rojas that the wave of propaganda and Nationalist sabotage is directed. Bombs and leaflets are the weapons in this campaign. Several priests were apprehended for printing anti-Rojas leaflets, but released immediately on the personal orders of the President.

So it looks as though Argentina's new Government wants to ignore the newly forming resistance.

WHEN A DUKE STEPS OUT

It's not with the girls that one would expect

By PETER DACRE

SECOND LIEUTENANT the Duke of Kent, No. 443787, has just been on his first week-end leave as a regimental officer. Last week he joined the Royal Scots Greys, stationed at Aldershot.

And over in New York the gossip columnists are saying that the Duke has been ousted as escort to 21-year-old blonde actress Margaret Wakefield by American actor Tom Conway.

These are small but significant events in the life of the 20-year-old Duke. They mark his graduation into the top division of the highly publicised sphere of royal life.

HE has passed through Sandhurst and an 11-week training course in Dorset. Now he is embarked on a military career, which—direct his position as seventh in the line of succession to the Throne—will no doubt lead to a field-marshal's baton and a round of royal patronage. Socially, too, he has emerged from the Sandhurst phase. He is the country's most eligible bachelor, a prize sufficient to put stars in the eyes of the most gilded of girls and the wealthiest of heiresses.

The Duke will find romance lurking at every discreetly shaded night-club table and every theatre two-tone.

It is bound to happen to any young man in his position. It is even more certain with the Duke, who has already shown himself to have all the normal interests of a good-looking young man.

In the past his future would have run smoothly along the well-oiled lines of royal protocol. He would have married some Continental princess, improved by the Court and Cabinet, or a suitably-titled young lady of the British aristocracy.

There are still plenty of eligible girls dotted around the fading palaces of Europe and the stately homes of England. But if his friends up till now are any guide the Duke is likely to make an unconventional choice. Among the girls he has taken out more than once or twice, there is not a single title.

He plumps for looks, character, intelligence, and wit. He is naturally shy unless the girl makes him feel at ease. She has to be a good dancer and a lively talker, able to take an intelligent, if not knowledgeable, interest in such subjects as cars, films, theatre and jazz music.

He does not stand on royal dignity. Princess Margaret likes to be called "Ma'am," but the Duke prefers the simple "Eddie." He once told a friend: "The reason I like you is that you don't call me 'Sir'."

A certain Miss Carol Herdman recalls ruefully his unpretentious manner. She was dining her flat one afternoon when a friend telephoned to ask: "Can I bring Eddie round?"

MISS HERDMAN said "Yes." When they arrived she greeted them casually in slacks. There were not enough chairs to go round, so Eddie drank his tea sitting on the floor. Eddie, of course, was the Duke of Kent.

The Duchess of Kent has always allowed her son as much freedom as possible. In his social life he has been able to seek girl friends beyond the normally narrow confines of a royal Duke.

Explains a friend: "Eddie has taken out lots of girls who are not well-known socially. Many of them are the sisters and friends of his Army colleagues." His sister, Princess Alexandra, has been allowed the same freedom.



SENORA IRIS SUAZO

A weakness for enormous ear-rings.

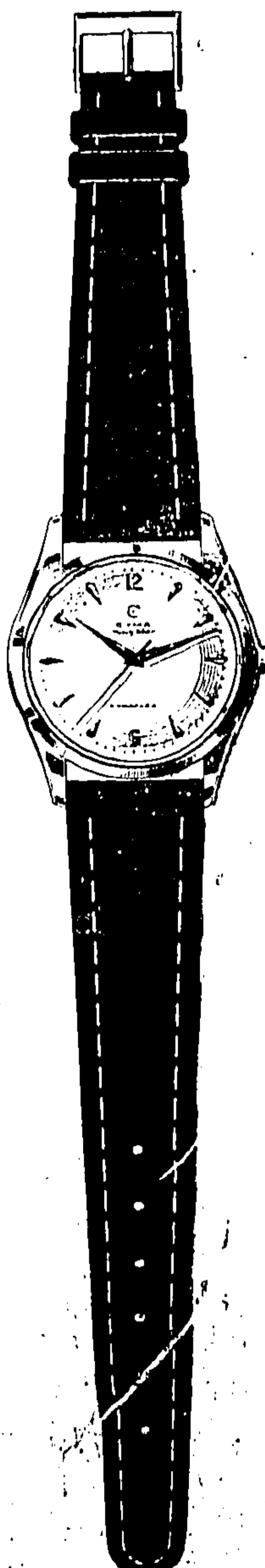
Two Central American beauties include Senora Dona Virginia Prestinary de Gallegos, ex-ile, dark-haired widow, who is Costa Rica's Minister and the mother of two sons, and Senora de Mendoza y de la Torre, wife of the Cuban Minister. She makes an outstanding picture at Ascot each year with her huge picture hats and simple silk gowns.

As the most handsome ambassadorial couple in London I would nominate Dr Roberto E.

Arias, of Panama, and Margot Fonteyn, his wife. But there is a close contender for this title, Dr Jose Maria Villarreal, Ambassador from Colombia, and his striking dark wife, Susana.

When it comes to choosing the best-looking man of the diplomatic corps my vote goes unhesitatingly to the young Ambassador of the Philippines, The Hon Leon Ma Guerrero.

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JOHNNY HAZARD



By Frank Robbins

...this situation calls for a San Miguel

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

The party season is upon us — so take the trouble to dress 'just right'

DANCING in DECEMBER

By Anne Scott-James

A HUNDRED to one you'll be dancing in December. In the next few weeks there'll be office dances, club dances, private dances, charity balls, New Year's Eve balls, night-club parties, roll-up-the-rug parties, children's parties, and you'll be a miserable old sourpuss if you don't go to one of them.

Dancing in December, what are you going to wear?

GO DANCING in a long dress. I, who love short evening dresses and think they're the smartest, prettiest fashion of the 'thirties, say wear a long dress this December. The biggest compliment you can pay to a party is to wear a full-length dress.

GO DANCING in a dress in an comfy sort of fabric, a fabric that has spirit and style. Some materials are essentially dismal. I think of the limp crepe dresses or of net, skimpily used and easily crumpled. I think of the brocade that looks like a piece of an anchor, or of lace sagging in straight lines to the floor. (Lace is a beautiful fabric, but it must be stiffened and lined.)

My own choice? Chiffon if you like a soft fabric, satin if you like a stiff one. Chiffon to float, satin to swirl.

GO DANCING with a real party-going wrap. (How sad those old mink coats do look piled up on your hostess's bed.) A thick, warm stole needn't cost very much: in billowy fox, in fluffy mohair, in velvet, or thick hand-knitting. Army blanket, worn stolewise, would look better than your daytime fur coat, the length and

the line so utterly wrong for night.

If you want more coverage make yourself a cape or a cloak. Both shapes are back in fashion, and both are easy to construct.

GO DANCING in plenty of jewellery, the costume variety — the shops are full of it, big, sparkly, and inexpensive. There are splendid glass necklaces, handsome Italian bracelets and really beautiful earrings, either dangle or set close to the ear.

GO DANCING with dancy accessories. Two to three petticoats under your dress (so many dresses are ruined by not enough underskirting). Shoes not dyed to match your dress but—newer—made for you in the actual material.

Gloves, of course, and the longer the better. An evening bag of satin, or gold or silver mesh. Maybe a twist of a chignon cap at the back of your hair.

But above all, go dancing in a long dress.

FASHION —for the slender

I HAVE had a cross letter from a reader asking if I am interested only in the "young, tall and slender." She says I show too many clothes for the tall, willowy woman of 25.

Now, I find here a great confusion of ideas.

I've never said fashion was only for the young. On the contrary, the greatest elegances of our day are mostly over 40.

The Duchess of Windsor, the Duchess of Argyll, Marlene Dietrich, the Begum Aga Khan come instantly to mind.

I've never said fashion was only for the tall. There are plenty of pocket-size fashion plates, such as Vivien Leigh or Margot Fonteyn, Princess Mar-

garet or Dior's famous diminutive mannequin, Victoire.

But I have said that fashion is for the slender—and I stick to it.

Fat women can be charming, gay, beautiful, alluring, but it's terribly, terribly hard for them to be chic. (As nobody NEED be fat, this should hurt nobody's feelings.)

So it seems to me logical to show clothes on slender women.

As for the sort of clothes I choose, I have never believed in special clothes for special age groups.

Those careful clothes "for the older woman" are a pain in the neck. So are those fluffy, latty ranges designed for the young.

A good dress is a good dress and suits nearly everyone. Good fashion is good fashion, whether you're 20, or 30, or 40, or 50, or more.

The clothes in my pictures today—who are they right for? For all of you, mothers and daughters alike.

HUSBAND

—seen impersonated

HOW does it feel to see your husband re-created for a film? To watch him being impersonated by a stranger?

Do you feel you know and understand the character on the screen... or is the whole process quite impersonal?

I have been talking to Lady Harwood, widow of Rear Admiral Sir Henry Harwood, hero of the Battle of the River Plate.

This battle, with the sinking of the Graf Spee, was one of the great naval battles in the Nelson tradition... light forces outmanoeuvring a superior strength. It is being filmed now at Pinewood with Anthony Quayle as Admiral Harwood.

Lady Harwood told me that, to her, the hero of the film is a great naval leader, but not her husband. And that's the way she wants it.

Anthony Quayle did ask me about my husband's walk and his movements and his voice. But I thought it would be impossible to duplicate them, he had so many small mannerisms. Besides, Anthony Quayle isn't a bit like him, he is much younger and much darker.

But I am very happy about him in the part. He is a real actor, and I didn't want a meaningless film star.

"When I watched him on the set, I felt he was, like my husband, the best sort of Englishman—he had the right air of quiet authority."

Admiral Harwood was one of the rare men who is a legend in his own home.

Lady Harwood's two sons are in the Navy, and her cottage is filled with naval photographs and portraits and ship models.

And in the hall there stands a cracked lamp — from the Graf Spee.

UNCHANGED

—by success

SOMEONE I look forward to meeting: the extraordinary Francine Bagan, whose first novel, *Bondair Tristesse*, has netted her £50,000. She comes to London for the first time.

She is a tiny, dark, and very charming woman. She is a native of the French Riviera, and she has been married to a Frenchman for many years.

She is a very successful writer, and her first novel, *Bondair Tristesse*, was a great success. She is now working on her second novel.

She is a very charming woman, and she has been married to a Frenchman for many years.

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She is a very charming woman, and she has been married to a Frenchman for many years.



I interviewed her just one year ago in Paris. She was then 18.

Since then, she has toured America with all the panoply of a film star, has been offered thousands of dollars if she will only set pen to paper for newspapers or magazines.

But she is still the same Francine, brusque, scornful, Bohemian, on the defensive.



FRANÇOISE SAGAN

who talks in short, stabbing sentences that make the questions you ask sound frightfully silly.

She was asked to write a Christmas story.

"Christmas doesn't interest me."

Was she likely to get married?

"Why?"

What did she think of young Americans?

"Didn't meet any."

What is her new book about?

"A woman and a man."

Has she learned any English?

"Ten words."

The RIGHT ideas...

GO DANCING with a real party wrap (not a daytime coat), like this enormous turquoise mohair stole (above). GO DANCING with long, white gloves and rhinestone jewelry. GO DANCING in a long dress, like this swirling beauty of pale pink stiffened satin. GO DANCING in satin shoes and plenty of underpetticoats.

PICTURES BY DAVID OLINS

Like all people who hit the top very young, she has aroused frenzies of jealousy and criticism.

Some say she is a shameless copyist of Colette, some that she has said all she has to say and will never write anything any good again.

I'm sure the detractors are dead wrong. Another novel already, and a large number of songs (which she is singing in the Paris clubs) doesn't sound like a one-book writer.



ADD SPICE TO HOLIDAY FARE

By Alice Denhoff

EXHAUSTED after a day of Christmas shopping?

Don't short-change the family at dinner. Instead, prepare the evening meal in an easy way!

Just open a tin of pressed meat, and garnish it with whole cloves. Sprinkle with mustard and brown sugar, and dribble over it a spoonful of fruit juice — pineapple, orange, or what have you. Place in the oven to heat through and brown evenly.

The cloves and fruit juice combine for a holiday aroma and flavour.

Hot Cider

For something spicy and hot after a busy evening of addressing cards, gift wrapping, or when guests drop in, serve sliced Apple Toddy.

In the bottom of each glass, dissolve a lump of sugar in a tsp. of hot water. Add 2 whole cloves, a ½-in. piece of cinnamon stick and a twist of lemon peel. Muddle with a swizzle stick or the back of a spoon. Add ½ c. hot apple cider, and top it off with ½ tsp. butter.

Doughnut Trimmings

Bakery doughnuts are better than ever, but just the same, at this time of year, you may want to prepare a batch of the home-made variety.

To give a holiday touch to doughnuts, start by adding a whole clove to the frying fat.

After the doughnuts are cooked, split them open and fill with pineapple stuff, apple sauce or crushed cranberries. You could make your culinary reputation with these!

Dressed-Up Sweet Potatoes

No matter when they're served, candied sweet potatoes have a holiday aroma and flavour about them.

To serve 4 to 5, peel and cut in lengthwise halves 4 medium-sized sweet potatoes. Place flat side down in skillet with ½ c. water and tsp. salt. Simmer, covered, until tender, about 15 min. Combine ½ c. light corn syrup, ½ c. brown sugar, 1 tsp. orange juice, 1 tsp. grated orange rind, and ¼ tsp. ground cloves. Four over potatoes. Dot with 3 tbsp. butter. Simmer, uncovered, 15 to 20 min. or until glazed well, basting frequently with syrup.

Sweet Toast

Here's a nice tidbit to serve for breakfast or with a cup of coffee at snack time.

Combine equal amounts of butter and brown sugar, and spread on one side of toast slices. Top the toast with chopped walnuts, and place, spread side up, on an ungreased cookie sheet. Toast at 350° F. for 5 min. This should be served immediately.

You might prepare a batch of this delicious toast in advance, to pop into the oven as you need it.

The World Will Look Brighter If You Can See It In Clear Focus

WHEN you hail a truck in the mistaken notion it's a taxi cab, the diagnosis is easy. Lady, you need glasses and don't wait to get them.

It's surprising how women manage to postpone a trip to the oculist. It's pure vanity, end, poor dears, instead of preserving their beauty they're just working up to some big good-look problems.

In the first place, there's nothing pretty about being squinty-eyed. And, squinty-eyed is just how one gets when it's necessary to peer intensely at people to see who they are. Point No. 2 is this: going without glasses doesn't enhance your personality or popularity. It's apt to make you scribbles, and it can even lose you friends.

We know one pretty miss who refused to wear specs. Consequently she was continually passing friends by without so much as a nod. She didn't recognize them, but they just naturally assumed she was stuck-up.

They only cure for needing glasses is getting them. You'll be surprised how much brighter the world seems when you can actually see it in clear focus.

What's more, glasses are no longer grim. Not on your life! Fashion stylists have taken them in hand, made them bright and beautiful accessories. They come in various colours, so you can match them to your wardrobe. You can have tailored glasses and glamorous specs, too.

—JEANNE D'ARCY

AVON COSMETICS bring Christmas home to you



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WATCH
THESE
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WALK OUT!

A tremendous special — ours exclusively! Imported tweeds, velveteens, flannels, worsteds — in the "big success" styles by a famous resource. Straight or flared — perfect fitting! Beautiful, unusual monotones, mixtures, diagonals, plaids, solids. Brown, grey, blue, russet, black, red, beige. 8 to 18.

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DOES WONDERS FOR YOUR SKIN

The very first time you smooth in this golden liquid, premature wrinkles due to dryness and tiny lines seem to fade. For Lanolin Plus, with its precious esters and cholesterol, is most similar to Nature's own skin lubricants.

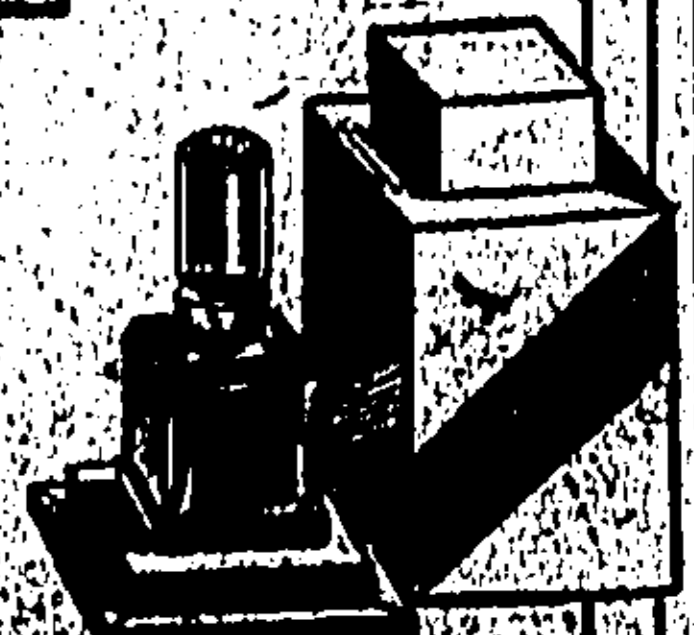


Lanolin Plus LIQUID

USE LANOLIN PLUS TONIGHT TOMORROW YOU'LL HAVE A FRESHER, MORE YOUTHFUL LOOK!

By ROBERT PIGUET PARIS

On Sale At All Leading Perfume Retail Shops, Dispensaries and Department Stores





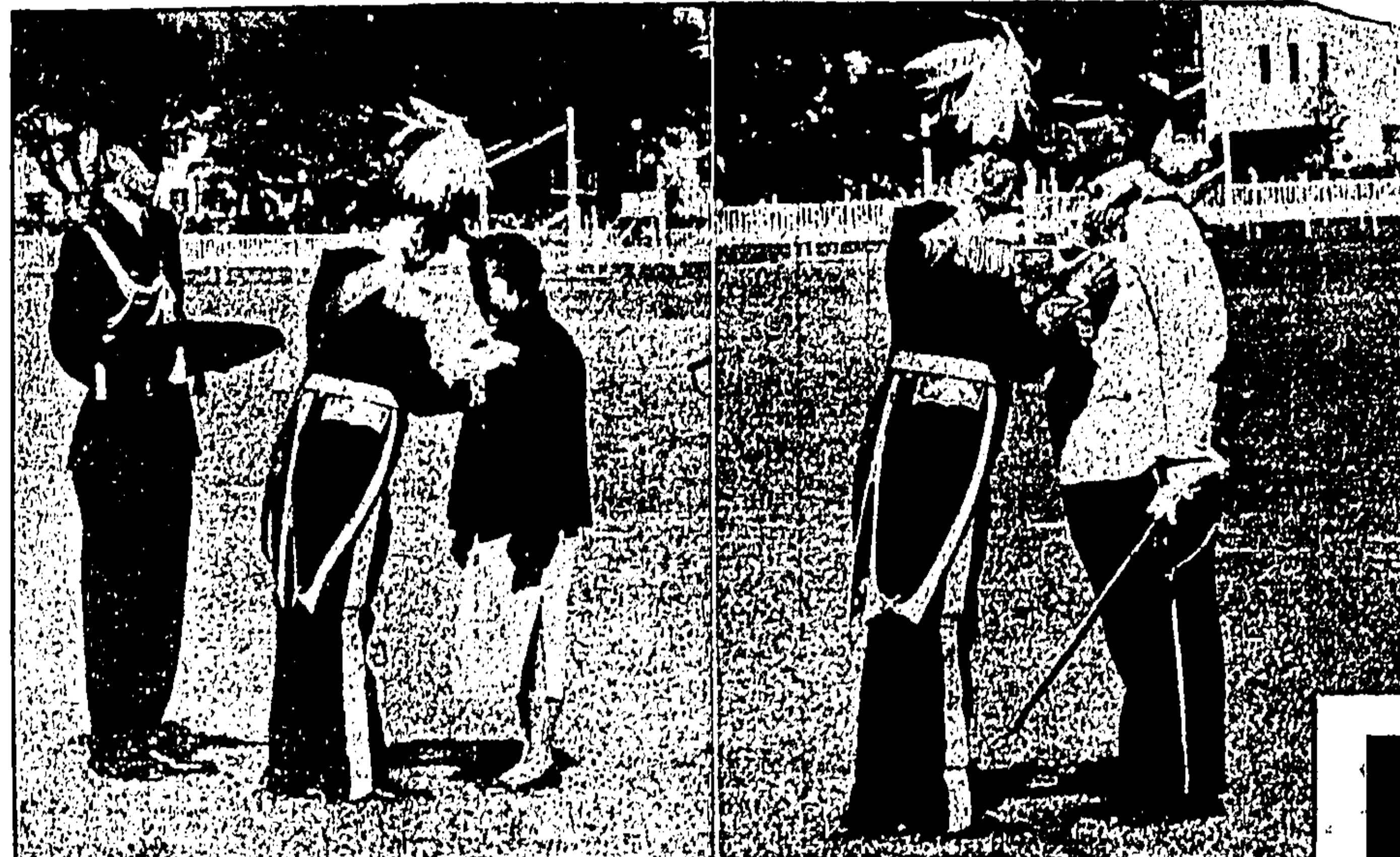
ON his official visit to Macao, Commodore J. H. Urwin, Commodore-in-Charge, Hongkong, is seen with His Excellency the Governor of Macao, Vice-Admiral Joaquim Marques Esparteiro. (Navy PRO)



A reminder that Christmas is coming! Saint Nicholas, with his two blackamoors, holding court at the Royal Hongkong Yacht Club last week. He arrived in Hongkong, according to Dutch custom, to give Netherlands youngsters a treat. (Staff Photographer)



AT the Casam Club cocktail party held in his honour, Lt-Col C. G. Butcher (left), Secretary for Civil Defence, United Kingdom, shakes hands with Hongkong's Commissioner for Civil Aid Services, the Hon. C. E. Terry. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: A traditional dance accompanied by bagpipes at St Andrew's Ball, held at the Peninsula Hotel. Below: The Chief and Mrs J. A. Blackwood with His Excellency the Governor and Lady Grantham. Also shown is a scene during dinner—the partaking of the Barley Bree. (Staff Photographer)



PRESENTATIONS by His Excellency the Governor at the annual Police Review last Sunday. Left, above: Award of the Queen's Police Medal for Gallantry to the widow of the late Corporal Cheng Kin-chung, who lost his life during an attack on a police launch at Saikung last year. Above: The Meritorious Service Medal for Mr W. B. Foster, Police Director of Music. Left: Five who received the Colonial Police Medal—Senior Supt. W. Segrove, Senior Supt. C. Willcox, Supt. H. R. Tarrett, S/Sgt. Lau Fook and S/Sgt. Lam Hon. (Staff Photographer)



PASTOR Johan Nielsen was feted at a tea party at St John's Cathedral last week, at which presentations were also made to him. He is seen with some ladies at the party. (Staff Photographer)

LEFT: The Gibraltar fortress backcloth to the magnificent display held at San Wai Camp, Fanling, by the Essex Regiment and the Northamptonshire Regiment in celebration of their bicentenary. The two soldiers standing guard outside the castle are dressed in the uniform of 1755. (Staff Photographer)



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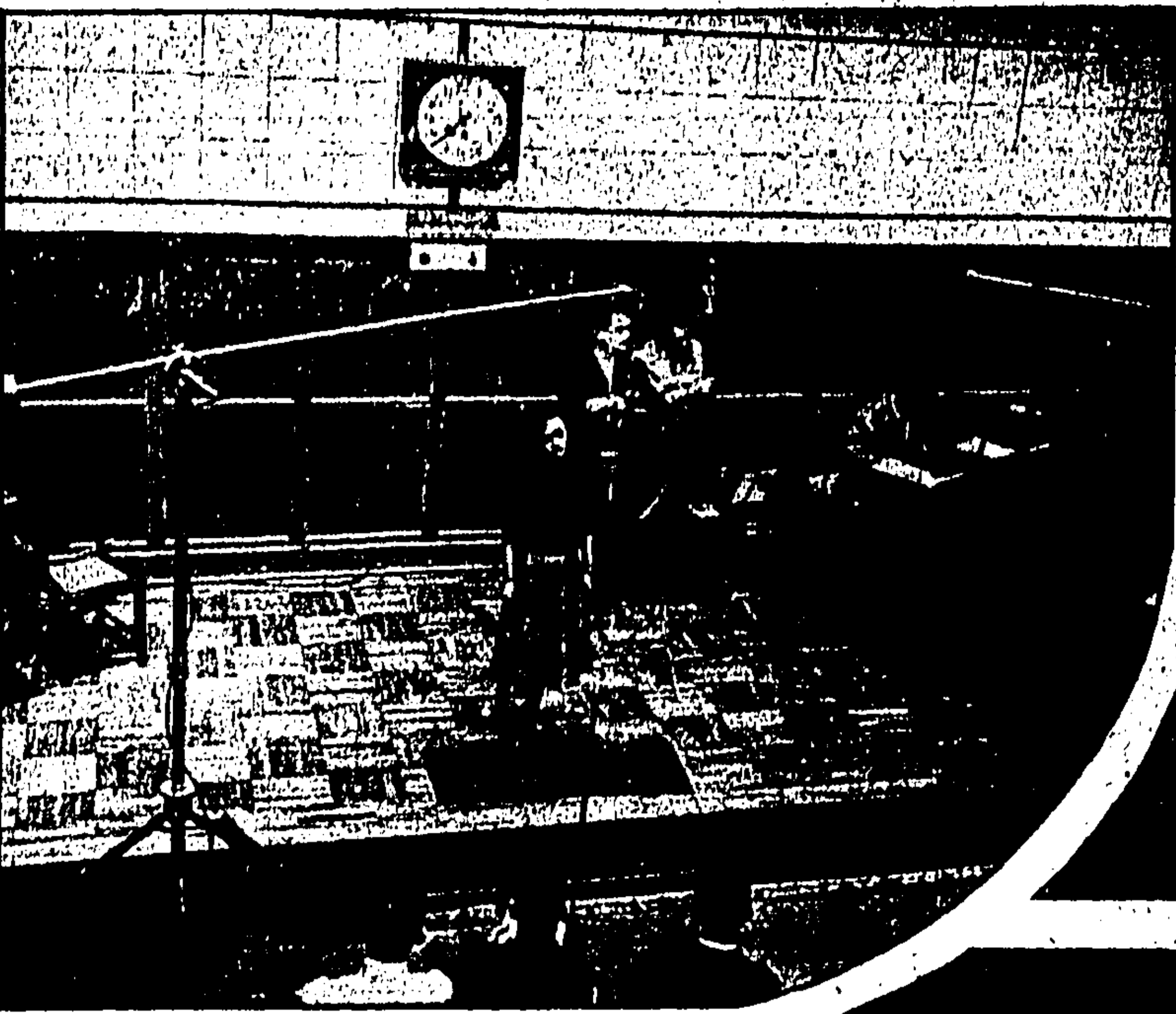
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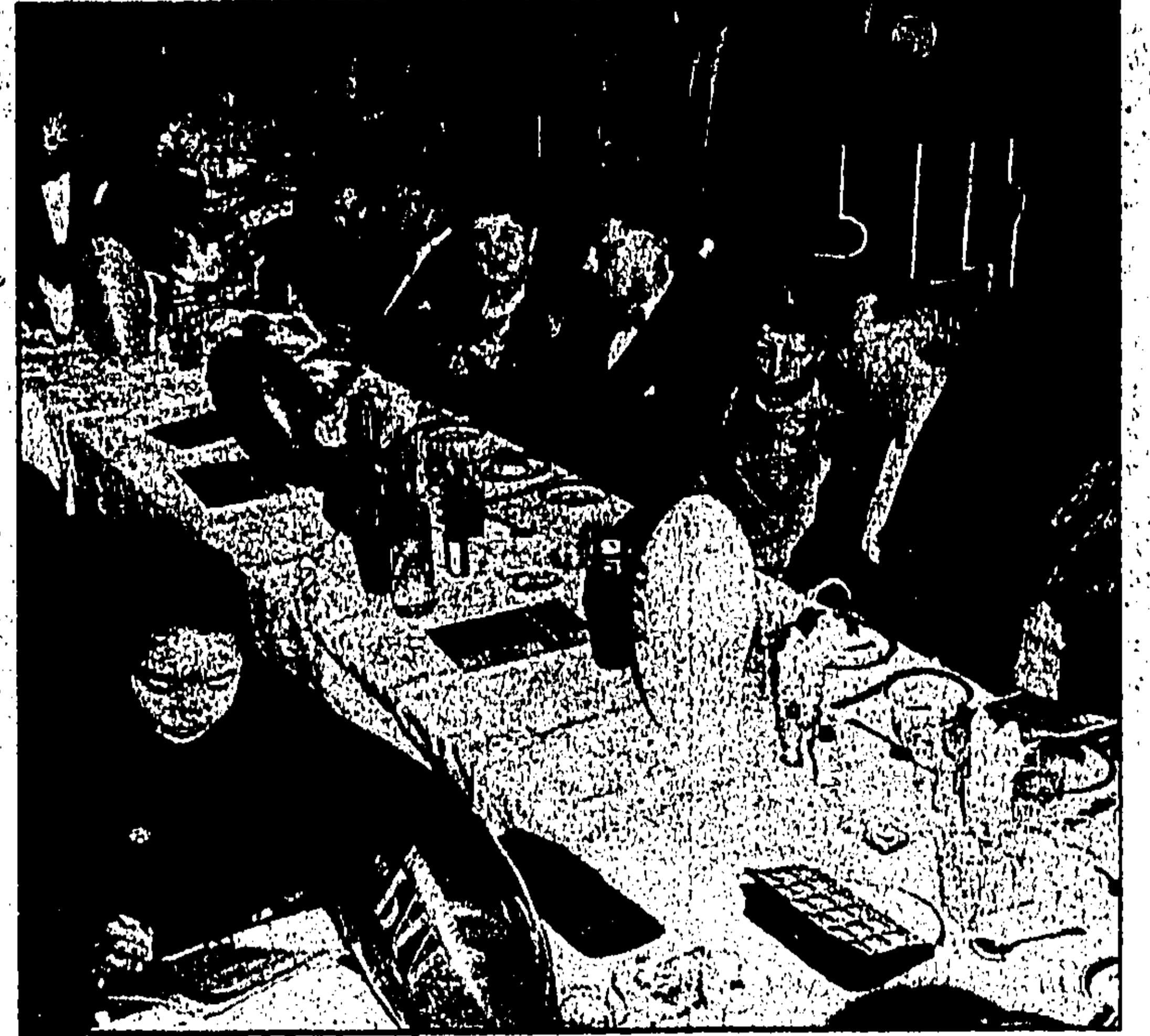
GLoucester Arcade, TEL. 3144



AMATEUR night at Radio Hongkong. The scene in the station's concert hall during the first "Beginners Please" programme, which has become a very popular innovation. Mary Lewis singing "I'm In The Mood For Love." (Staff Photographer)



SCENE from the Hongkong Stage Club production of Moliere's comedy, "The Miser," which is being repeated tonight at the China Fleet Club Theatre. Thursday's initial performance was in aid of the Society for the Protection of Children. (Staff Photographer)



THE President of Rotary International, Mr A. Z. Baker (extreme right), at the annual ball of the Rotary Club of Hongkong Island East, held at the Ritz. Third from right is Mr I. A. R. Bennett, the Club President. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: Bob Mathias, Olympic decathlon champion, gives his autograph to Mr Chan Nam-choong, Vice-President of the Hongkong Amateur Athletic Association. The Association feted Mathias last Saturday at dinner at the Ying King Restaurant. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Wedding of Mr William Turnbull and Miss Madeline Cecilia Gosling at St Margaret's Church last Sunday. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: Students of St Paul's Convent School in the one-act play, "The Quack Doctor," which they performed at the annual prizegiving ceremony last week. (Staff Photographer)

THE Commander, British Forces, Lt-Gen. Sir Cecil Sugden, talking to members of the Hongkong Regiment at their annual camp at Fanling. Scene is the other ranks' mess tent. Accompanying the General is Lt-Col. A. S. J. de S. Clayton, Commanding-Officer, Hongkong Regiment. (Staff Photographer)



SENIOR Eduardo V. Dias Barbosa (left), manager of the visiting Clube Ferroviario soccer team from Mozambique, receiving a shield from the Hon. Kwok Chan, President of the Hongkong Football Association, at a dinner held after their series of matches here. (Staff Photographer)

LEFT: Miss Grace Wong and her pupils photographed at their annual piano concert given at St Andrew's Church Parish Hall. (Mainland)



RIGHT: At the first anniversary celebration of the Latin American Association of Hongkong at the Ritz. Picture shows the Vice-President, Senor Don Alberto Vazquez Velasquez, and Mrs Velasquez with Mr and Mrs D. Meher. (Staff Photographer)

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We really have a nice assortment.

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"PERFECTLY WILLING TO GO YOUR WAY—IF YOU GO MINE"

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THIS IS MILAN AFTER MIDNIGHT

By BERNARD RONALD

MILAN when the night lights blaze is unlike any industrial town I have ever seen. Suddenly the factories give place to a world of night-clubs and neon-flashing restaurants. A sign for chocolate at £2 a box and turns bare shoulders to the common-or-garden apple. But then here in Milan's night-spots, Eve often takes the form of a club hostess.

I stepped into this other world the other night when I descended into the establishment known as "Il Coccodrillo" (The Crocodile). There are few tears-crocodile or otherwise—in this mosaic-piece of colourful Milan, however. Instead it is champagne that flows freely.

Bebop basement

"Il Coccodrillo" is one of the 20 or so jewelled "joints of jazz" or "bebop basements" in which Milanese maidens show elderly business men just how much can be spent on so few. Some 16 hostesses are employed in the "Coccodrillo". They are all under contract to

a fat, baby-faced signor whom they must obey unquestioningly until 3 a.m. After this the final takings are raked in and customers are shown the way out.

As for the "ladies" they must be quite something with a bottle of champagne costing £4 15s.

No sooner are you seated than a sensuous signorina with bulging curves and an even bigger thirst invites herself to your table.

All tastes are catered for. There is Scotch at 7 shillings a glass, brandy at 8 shillings. And hostesses—blondes, brunettes or "chemists" redheads, all in or out of "Lollo" hair-dos or horse-tails, with or without wasp waists.

The girls get a percentage of their companion's purchases which is why they have never eaten and are simply dying for chicken sandwiches at seven shillings a time.

I asked her, in between a dance or two, whether she liked working in "Il Coccodrillo."

"No," she said. "But it pays so much better than office work. I usually take home at least £30 a week, which is more than four times what I could earn as a typist."

The dancing, by Markova standards, was anything but classic. Middle-aged men shuffled round, eyes closed, mouths slightly open with their Latin lasses locked in their arms.

Four musicians in fruit-salad shirts kept switching from tangos to mamboes, while somebody else kept switching off the wall-lamps. There were wine-coloured velvet curtains, orange-hued arm chairs, long low divans, a humble dance floor and air-conditioners that kept the temperature at not the bill-dow.

Body swerve

AS for the floor-show (such as it was), this didn't start until 12.15 a.m. when those hostesses began consuming chicken sandwiches and champagne took over. A slim brunette brandishing Arab veils performed a pseudo-Oriental dance. Then came a blonde wearing a top hat, a big smile and a few inches of frilly black silk. Finally, the piece-de-resistance, a platinum blonde with a horse's tail hair-do did a Hungarian Czarda. She had a body swerve like Ferenc Puskas and put so much zip into her number that she quite dispensed all the cigar smoke that floated over the dance floor.

The fun was fast and furious—and quite harmless apart from the financial damage. The girls sang a few songs as they danced. But it was entertainment all the way.

I seen in the Milan guide-book that the "Coccodrillo" is described as "a pleasant night-club, highly recommended." The same description goes for the "Gatti Verde" (Green Cat), "Moulin Rouge" and the "Porto d'Oro" (Golden Gate). It would help tourists, though, if the guide book added that visits to such establishments might occasion the unwary a certain degree of pecuniary embarrassment.

When I finally managed to give my thirsty and starving hostess the slip, I found that the Crocodile's jaws had swallowed £15.

(COPYRIGHT)

However, since it could not get worse, it proceeded to get better. Yet there was still the problem of the unconnected sets.

Inevitably, the advertisers began to wonder what proportion of the purchasing public they were reaching.

So the advertising agencies began to take a house to house survey. In many cases the viewers could not remember a single commodity that had been advertised the night before—but then you must remember that unlike Americans, and Canadians, we had never experienced opera with soap or drama with detergent.

Then the satirists got to work. If we were to have drama by the grips of advertising, why not introduce it to the Old Vic Theatre which gives us perpetual audience. For example, when Hamlet and his mother see the ghost it would be an admirable moment for an announcer on the stage to say that Perkins Pills would steady their nerves.

★ ★ ★

It was also suggested that at Covent Garden, when Mimi is dying of consumption in the last act, a pretty girl in a bikini could walk silently across the stage displaying a big show card with the words:

"Smith's Cough Mixture Would Save Her."

★ ★ ★

And that is as far as I can take the story. Since commercial television cannot get worse, it must get better. In fairness it already shows signs of having learned from its initial blunders. But the problem of converting the sets remains. In other words, we have a mass medium that does not reach the masses.

So this must be regarded as an interim report. My sincere hope is that the commercials will fall and that the BBC monopoly will once again have the sole rights. Thus people will be driven to reading books and enjoying intelligent conversation as well as going to the theatre where they will see living persons speaking with the human voice as God intended it.

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THE STRANGE STORY OF COMMERCIAL TELEVISION

By SIR BEVERLEY BAXTER, M.P.

London
IF any of you are thinking of visiting these islands of the blessed in 1956 I must warn you not to be surprised in case you see a man talking to himself or glaring at the skies. The chances are that he is connected with Commercial Television.

It is a strange story, and perhaps we had better begin at the beginning.

You will remember that the British Broadcasting Corporation was originally set up as a state monopoly to supply a news service and various types of entertainment on the radio. There would be no competitors and therefore no choice of an alternative programme. In fact, the only competition would be within the Corporation itself.

Incidentally, it was at its best when Lord Reith was the Chairman and the Canadian-born Gladstone Murray was the Chief Director of Programmes. And it is not necessary to remind you that in the news broadcasts, preceded by the Du-Da-Dum opening notes of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, spelt out VE in morse code, and these two letters came to mean "Victory in the End." That signal heartened our friends, dismayed our enemies and helped to drive Hitler mad. Now for a moment I want to go back to 1935 when for some odd reason I temporarily left Fleet Street and joined the Gaumont-British Film organisation. On the staff was a tall, handsome, dreamy-eyed Scot named Baird, who had so little to do that he would drop in at my office just to while away the time.

★ ★ ★

He had developed an invention of his own which he described as Television, but no one would supply the funds to bring it to perfection or to exploit it in the market. In other words he was a crank, but a pleasant one. Then one day as we chatted together he had a bright idea.

Some industrial company was going to hold its annual meeting, and Baird suggested to the Chairman that he should make his speech to the shareholders at a distance of twenty miles. The Chairman agreed and Baird invited me to attend the affair and see how it worked.

The meeting took place—and suddenly the Chairman appeared on the small screen of a television set. Both sound and sight were perfect, and everybody agreed that it was all very interesting. And think of the number of company chairmen who would like to address their shareholders at a distance of 20 miles!

Nothing resulted from it and at last Baird died, probably of a broken heart, and certainly penniless. He could not afford to protect his patents, and his death was given only a paragraph in most of the newspapers. Now they are talking of making a film of his life. Truly could go no further.

Therefore we must come down to the modern times, and that is the year 1932. The BBC had been given a monopoly for television programmes just at

had been done with sound radio. And although lacking the stimulus of competition the programmes were pretty good. Sound radio (for some reason now called "steam radio") continued to exist, but obviously it would operate on a declining scale. In fact, it was a losing battle of listeners against viewers.

When the Conservatives came back to power in 1951, we soon became aware that within the party there was a ginger group of younger men who were connected with advertising agencies. They wanted commercial television as an alternative to the State-controlled BBC.

They were clever in their propaganda. "The Conservative Party," they said, "is basically opposed to State monopolies. Consider what would happen if the Socialists got in next time. They would control both the sound radio and television through the BBC. Free speech would disappear. We would all be under the rule of a Socialist-dominated State Monopoly."

★ ★ ★

So the Postmaster-General was given the job of preparing a bill, and in due course the House of Commons debated the measure.

If you will forgive the personal reference I decided to speak against the Bill even though it was Government policy. My arguments were clear enough to me, but they found little support in my own party. Perhaps with more flamboyance than logic, I told the House that I wanted television left in the hands of the BBC so that, because of the very dullness of the programmes, people would resume the reading of books and also recover the lost art of conversation.

But the Government Whips were put on, and in due course the Independent Television Authority came into being.

But never was an infant born with more evil stars. There was to be no such thing as sponsored programmes. In other words the British would not have a Ford's hour, nor could a toothpaste or deodorant manufacturer choose between Shakespeare or vaudeville. The old English saying "You pays your money and you takes your choice" was completely reversed. For the advertiser, there was no choice of programme.

★ ★ ★

Then there was another drawback. Commercial TV was given a special wavelength called Channel 3, but unfortunately all the existing sets were tuned to the channel operated by the BBC. However, science came to the aid of the advertiser with a gadget which could switch the set from the BBC channel to the commercial channel and back again.

The price of the gadget was just eight pounds ten shillings, which is a lot of money even in our depreciated currency.

About that time the Independent Authority announced its rate for advertising on the television screen. With a clarity and simplicity that were commendable they said it would be one thousand pounds for one minute—and of course, no choice of programme.

Thus you might have a night of boxing which would attract an overwhelmingly masculine audience, followed by a one-minute announcement extolling the virtue of a soap for washing feminine undies, as they are coyly called over here. Or you could have a symphonic orchestral programme with a man's sports wear advertisement.

But it was further decreed that the advertisements would only be allowed to appear at a set period and the total time allowed for the period was three minutes. The result was that there would normally be three different advertisements offering their wares within the space of three minutes.



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by OSBERT LANCASTER



POLLY GOT A STIFF SHOT OF CULTURE

By GEORGE MALCOLM THOMSON

THE PASSIONATE YEARS.
By Carasso Crosby. Redman. 21s. 370 pages.

THERE were miles of white pebble paths on the island and they were raked every day. For this island on Long Island Sound was the feudal domain of little Mary Phelps Jacob's rich New England grandparents. There she

spent her summers as a child.

In the journey that has transformed her first into Polly Peabody and then (after a stiff shot of culture) into Carasso Crosby, little Mary has not kept to the well-raked white pebble paths of life.

She married (twice) into the bluest blood of Boston; was able to call J. P. Morgan "Uncle Jack"; on her second venture became the wife of Harry Crosby, who worked in a bank in Paris and wanted to be a poet.

Before Harry's eyes were dangled one of the greatest prizes in America's gift: he could be a "Morgan Partner." But Harry had other ideas, e.g., staying in bed and reading French poets, especially the line, "I have, let my nails grow," having his evening gardenia dyed black and the toe-nails of his black whippet Narcisse lacquered gold.

When the hour of decision came Harry put temptation aside. He telegraphed home: "Sell 10,000; we have decided to live extravagantly."

"We" included Carasso, who had, about then, assumed that name to improve the title-page of her first volume of poems. The poems themselves were not affected one way or another by this change.

Paris was thronged in those days with homeless rich Americans, refugees from Prohibition, anti-Pilgrim Fathers, rejecters of the Puritan background who, however, to the Puritan banker, Carasso, living moderately with a cordon bleu cook, became one of them.

At the Quatre Arts Ball she arrived, stripped to the waist (obligatory costume) on a baby elephant, preceded on foot by the Earl of Portsmouth. She won first prize against the competition of the courtier professional physiotherapist of Paris.

Carasso was, in fact, beautiful. On this, photographic documentation is extensive. However, she became an intellectual; signed a manifesto which affirmed: "(in capital letters): 'The literary creator has the right to disintegrate the spiritual matter of words. Time is a tyranny to be abolished. The writer expresses. He does not communicate. The plain reader be damned.'"

Unaware that he was damned, the plain reader ignored most of the outpourings of Carasso and her set. A few less plain readers bought the books which the two Crosbys published at the Black Sun Press.

Taking time off from publishing, they fell in love with a mill owned by Come Armand de la Rochetoucauld. Harry bought it with a cheque made out on Carasso's white plaque cuff. Another time, he wrote a cheque on a restaurant plate. Morgans cashed both without raising a well-bred eyebrow.

When Carasso and her husband fell hospitable, they received their guests in bed. Those who felt so inclined were invited to take baths in a sunken marble tub that held four.

In the general state of plumbing in the Latin quarter, it was a kindly thought, but "some evenings" were rather Pompeian," Carasso remarks obscurely.

There are tales of fashionable parties, literary parties, opium parties, hashish parties; meet-

ings with heroes of the time like, Lindbergh, James Joyce, Ezra Pound. There was a phase of economy. Harry flew over to Cartiers in Bond Street, thus saving £200 on a diamond necklace for Carasso.

June 1929, Harry's birthday resolutions ominously included: "to be lean, not fat; to never take more than four drinks a day; to be bright and delicate and gentle and chaste." December 1929 he committed suicide in New York.

Wild parties

Why? That does not emerge from Carasso's pages. Excerpts from his own prose are ecstatic rather than informative. Maybe it was a stiff letter from Morgans; maybe just sheer exhaustion through trying to keep up with his loving wife.

By that time the Twenties were over. Into Carasso's reminiscences some of the desperate gaiety, the members of that legendary epoch are distilled. Here are significant stories, extravagant personalities who could only belong to the age of talk and wild parties. Unfortunately, good writing is absent.

REST OF THE NEW BOOKS

LESS THAN ANGELS. By Barbara Pym. Copp. 13s. 6d. 256 pages.

THEY are less than angels, they are anthropologists. Out of their lives and loves, intrigues and absurdities, sharp-eyed Barbara Pym makes a delicious dig at the jargon anthropologists talk. There is enough plot to keep the story moving.

Catherine, a lady journalist, lives sinfully with Tom Mallow when he is not "in the field," a studying ritual customs in Africa. Returning from "the field," Tom jilts Catherine for Delrine, a young student. Going back to "the field" he is conveniently killed in a riot, thus causing only the smallest ripple in the pools of love and anthropology. A new demonstration of unerring wit.

ASPECTS OF LOVE. By David Garnett. Chatto and Windus. 8s. 6d. 176 pages.

"CASANOVA" to his friends in old-time Bloomsbury, Garnett broods 20 years' abstinence from fiction with this

curt embroidery on a favourite subject: Rose, mistress of Alexis, becomes (1) mistress, (2) wife of Sir George, uncle to Alexis. Later, Jenny, 14-year-old child of Rose and Sir George, falls in love with Alexis. "What was he to do," Alexis wondered, "with a child with the emotions of a woman? A child whom he loved as though she were a woman?" There being no completely satisfactory answer to that, "Aspects of Love" ends in pleasurable irresolution.

MEMORABLE BALLS. Edited by James Lovel. Verschoyle. 30s. 116 pages.

EVIDENTLY it has been hard work making much out of the bygone gales which are the raw material of this collection. Not all of the 11 contributors are so fortunate as Alan Pryce-Jones, who could rely on Lady de Ros's account of her mother the Duchess of Richmond's ball before Waterloo.

Truth is, most of these revels (latest: Polair's costume ball in Paris, 1911) were quite devoid of importance when they happened and are almost devoid of interest now. Nonsense, but hardly memorable.

PARADE

OUTSTRETCHED HAND

Bournemouth, South Coast resort, has set holiday makers whooping for joy. Bournemouth has decided: no more tipping in any of the big hotels. Just 10 percent service charge.

But Bournemouth's hotel men have not been concerned with the argument that it is degrading to tip—or receive tips.

Their worry was simply that waiters and chambermaids were always running off to the factories for higher wages.

Britons on holiday, they explained, are not what they used to be.

Now that hotel workers have wages and hours fixed by law, holidaymakers are not pressing much into any outstretched hand as they hustle their luggage into the nearest taxi.

So it was the porters, waiters and chambermaids who were directly affected by the subtle change in hotel guests over recent years.

Nowadays a cut of 10 percent of the bill, say hotel workers, means a better deal than given by a lot of guests as they hurry away down the front steps.

What's more, there would be no prospect of perhaps months—long attendance on wealthy old ladies, with just a smile in return. The more they spent on themselves, the bigger the staff's cut.

However, the tail-coated waiters and uniformed porters in some of Britain's plushier hotels have different views.

Many of their visitors are overnight or week-end guests. On departure, they hand out about 25 percent of the bill. So let things stay as they are, the staff urge.

Britons, as a nation, would be glad to see the general introduction of the flat service charge. But even then there is the feeling that some, wanting extra attention, would still press a coin into a waiting hand.

NIGHT. Under chilly skies the PATROL night patrols move silently through Britain's forests and plantations. The season of peace and goodwill approaches.

The patrols are armed with shot-guns and carry walkie-talkie radio sets. Dogs pad at their heels.

This year the forest guards are launching a full-scale campaign against the Christmas tree raiders. One of their concentration areas is Hampshire's New Forest, which supplies much of London with Yuletide green.

The raiders are equipped with trucks, axes and saws.

After they have posted tip-off men with flashlights at vantage points, they swoop on the forests, clear an area of young growth, peddle the trees at prices ranging from five to twenty shillings to unsuspecting housewives in nearby towns.

To outmanoeuvre the patrols, keep in touch with roving police cars and police headquarters.

So far the patrols have beaten the tree rustlers. Peace and good will still reign over the forests in the frosty nights.

GIFTS. Jewelled mouse-traps, pocket radio sets, automatic poker chip dispensers and miniature fire extinguishers are among presents that American business men can expect to find on their office desks this Christmas.

A survey of the gift-swapping custom among business men has been completed by the Wall Street Journal, which says that it will be the biggest on record.

The business people probably will spend \$80 million on the presents, which are given in appreciation for the work that collages and contacts have done during the year.

While cases of liquor and baskets of fruit still will be the most popular items, the trend is towards unconventional gifts.

Some of the large industries in arrears where football is popular, for instance, have bought supplies of foot-warmer for their clients to take to games.

Other items becoming popular are ice-crushers, tomato slicers, ice-cream churners and fuggage.

SUPER. Food shops in the SUPER United States are becoming so large that football teams could practise inside. In Fort Wayne, Indiana, a football team did play in a store recently before the concrete floors were laid.

This store, when completed, will sell not only food but tropical fish, shrubs, flowers and hardware.

It is not so large as a vast place being built in New Orleans, which will have parking space for 1,600 cars.

Large "super-market" food shops have been common in the United States for years and are called "super-markets."

Now syndicates are looking for another name to describe the new monsters. For the time being they are using the term "super-super-markets."

Their increasing popularity has been brought about by the growing desire of the American housewife to do much of her shopping under one roof and to push the trolley containing her purchases straight from the store to her parked car.

Some grocers now provide nursery playrooms. Storehouses which supply the markets are usually so large that foramen use motorised scooters.

The chain-store groups are expected to build more than 2,000 super-super-markets this year. Last year they constructed 1,400.

COMPLEXION. David Welch, a singer, completed a theatrical tour of the Pacific, left the girls of Sydney, enthusiastic about eating seaweed after he had explained to them the value.

The iron content of certain types of seaweed is good for the blood, and improves the complexion," claims 33-year-old Mr. Welch.

"I've been eating it since I was a boy in Wales. There they call it liver bread. My grandmother used to take me to the Welsh coast to collect it."

Mr. Welch said he found the same type of seaweed on the beaches at Sydney. He was playing the juvenile lead in the Australian production of "South Pacific" and told his friends about the seaweed. Soon, Sydney's show girls and models were trying it and asking for more.

"Boil the seaweed for three hours and it tastes like spinach," he added. "It's very nice with ham or bacon."

UNDERSEA TOWBOAT. The atomic submarine may find itself in competition soon with undersea tugboats. The tugboat may be used to tow a string of submersible "hulls," each carrying several hundred troops or tons of cargo for invasion operations or for shipping important supplies through enemy menaced seas.

Rear Admiral H. G. Rickover, nuclear propulsion expert, disclosed that the U.S. Navy has been experimenting for some time in undersea towing operations. They are now part of standard training work.

Conventionally-powered submarines have been used for towing so far, but specially designed undersea craft have been planned.

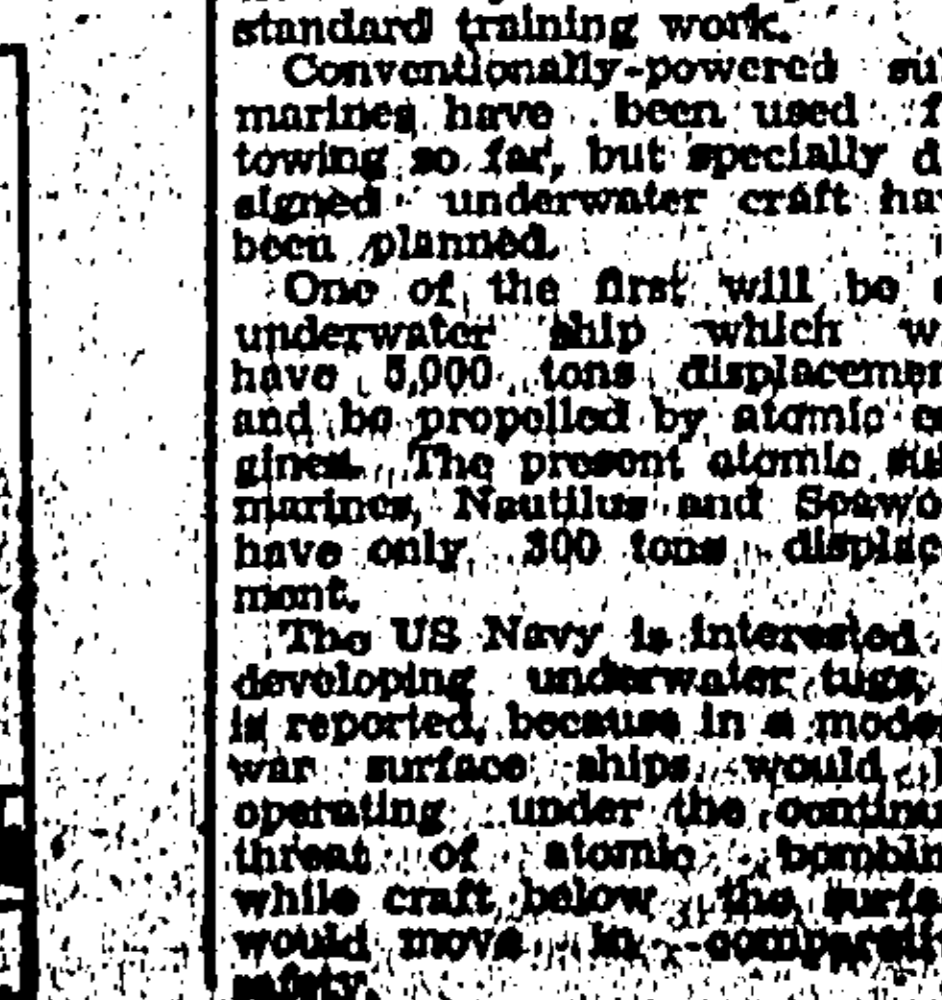
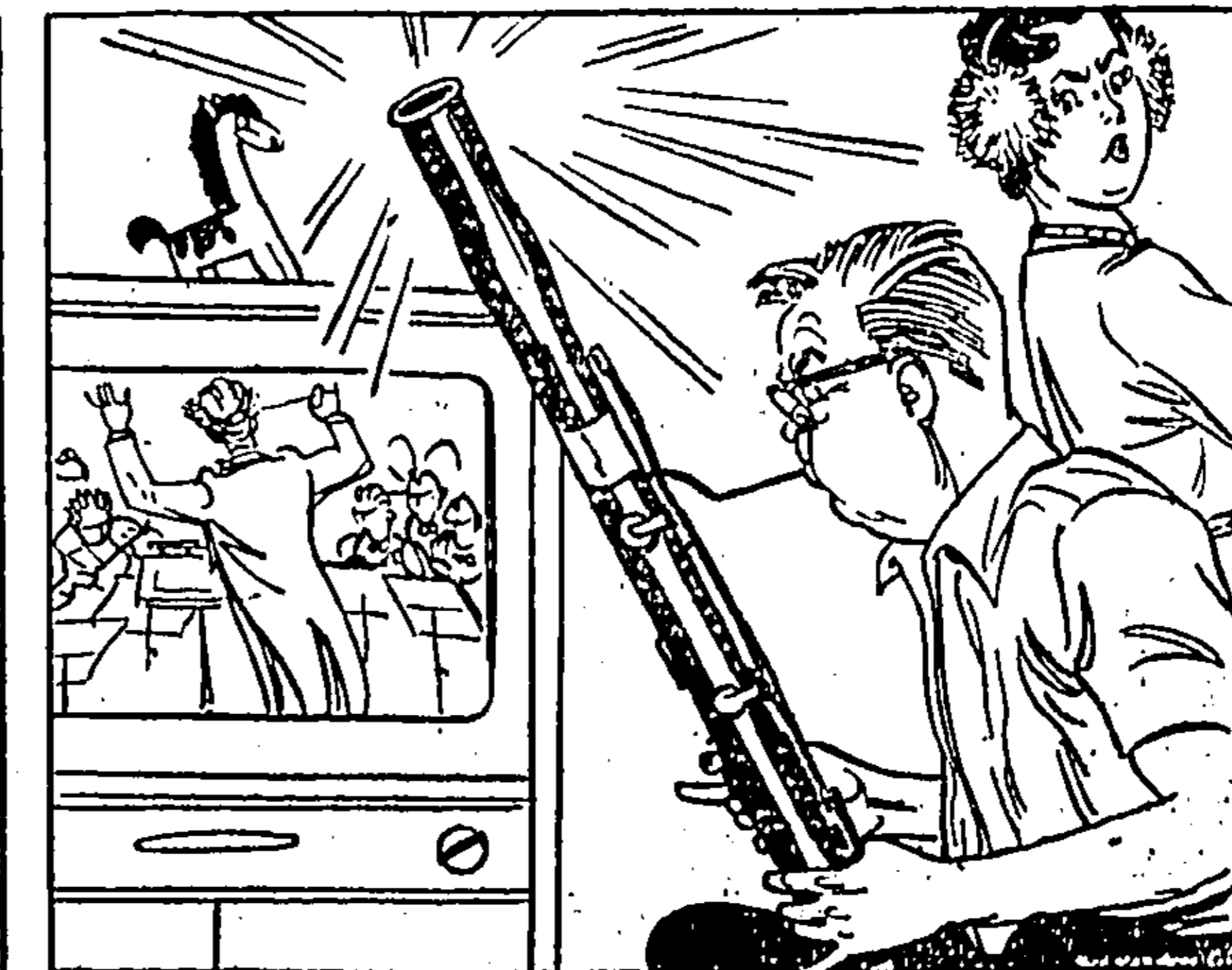
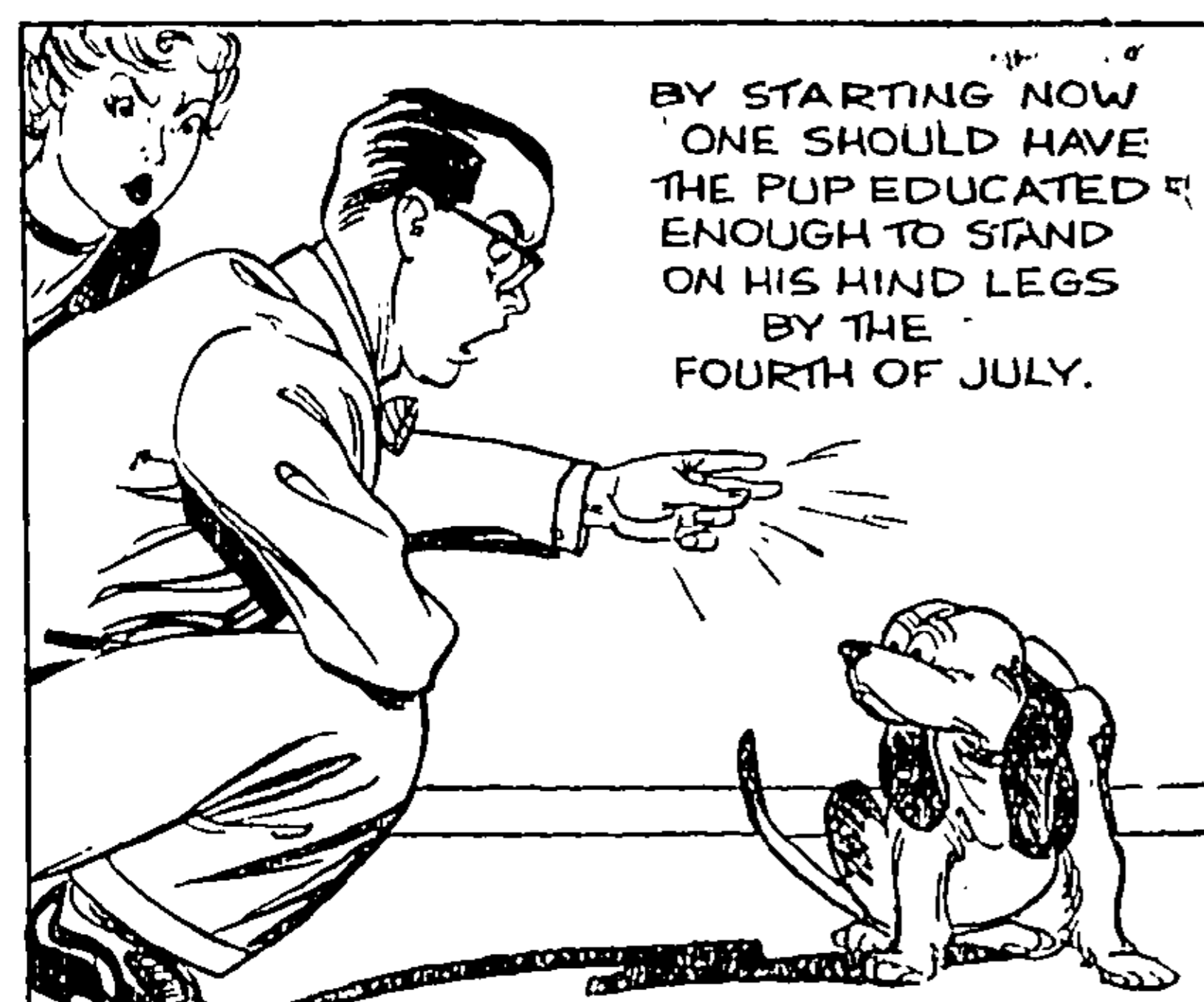
One of the first will be an underwater ship which will have 5,000 tons displacement, and be propelled by atomic engines. The present atomic submarines, Nautilus and Seawolf, have only 300 tons displacement.

The U.S. Navy is interested in developing underwater tugs. It is reported, because in a modern war surface ships would be operating under the constant threat of atomic attack, while craft below the surface would move in comparative safety.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Those Long Winter Evenings

BY HARRY WEINERT



THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB THIRD RACE MEETING

Saturday, 10th & Sunday, 17th December, 1955.

(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)
THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 16 RACES.
The First Race will be rung at 1.30 p.m. and the First Race run at 2.00 p.m. on both days.
The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 11.45 a.m. on both days.

MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

NO PERSON WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED.

All persons must wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the meeting.

Admission Badges at \$10.00 each per day are obtainable through the Secretary on the written or personal introduction of a Member, such member to be responsible for all visitors introduced by him.

Tickets will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Box (Tel. 72811).

NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting. For this purpose a Child is a person under the age of seventeen years, Western Standard.

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each per day payable at the Gate.

Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission.

MEALS and REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the RESTAURANT.

SERVANTS

Servants must remain in their employer's boxes except for passing through on their duties. They may on no account use the Betting Booths in the Members' Enclosure.

CASH SWEEPS

Through Cash Sweep Tickets at \$10.00 each per day and \$32.00 for both days may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices at Queen's Building, (Chater Road), and 5, D'Aguiar Street during normal office hours and until 11.00 a.m. on the day of the Race Meeting.

Particular numbers within the series 1 to 4,000 may be reserved for all race meetings as Through Tickets. Such tickets will be issued consecutively only and the right is reserved by the Stewards to cancel any reservation for Through Tickets for a particular Meeting if it is found that sales may not reach the number reserved in the series 1 to 4,000.

In the case of two-day Race Meetings, Through Tickets may be purchased for each day of the Meeting provided that the second day is on a date not less than five days after the first day. In all other cases Through Tickets will only be sold for the whole Meeting.

Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10.00 a.m. on Friday, 9th December, will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future Meetings.

Tickets over 4,000 will also be issued consecutively but particular numbers cannot be reserved as Through Tickets.

The reservation of any particular number does not confer on the registered holder any rights whatsoever unless the ticket bearing the appropriate number is issued to and can be produced by the holder.

The Stewards reserve the right to refuse any subscription also the right to remove any name from subscription lists without stating reasons for their action.

Cash Sweep Tickets on the last race of the Meeting at \$2.00 each may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices at Queen's Building, (Chater Road), 5, D'Aguiar Street and 382, Nathan Road during normal office hours and until 11.00 a.m. on both days of the Meeting.

SPECIAL CASH SWEEP

Tickets for the Special Cash Sweep on the Pearce Memorial Cup scheduled to be run on 4th February 1956, at \$2.00 each, may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices.

TOTALISATOR

Backers are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "all clear" signal has been exhibited.

ALL WINNING TICKETS AND TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER. NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN.

PAYMENTS WILL NOT BE MADE ON TORN OR DISFIGURED TICKETS.

Bookmakers, Tie Men, etc. will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards,
A. E. ARNOLD,
Secretary.



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SATURDAY SOCCER SPOT

THE CHINESE FANS WANT THRILLS NOT FRILLS AND EXPENSIVE TRIMMINGS

Says I. M. MacTAVISH

"Hoots... man, Stand back there... The MacTavish blood is up!"
I'm sure that is how many folks will expect me to start my column this week, particularly after the criticism that has been showered on my reviews of the opening two games in the recent series with the Clube Ferroviario de Mozambique.

In some ways I am afraid they are going to be disappointed, but, human nature being what it is, I shall have a word or two to say about the critics of the critic later on.

The first visiting series of the season is now over, and, considering as it did with the opening of the new Hongkong Stadium, it has left our administrators with plenty to think about, and, unless I am very much mistaken, a headache or two.

The series has once again undressed the members of the average Chinese follower of the game. He is a man ready and willing to make sacrifices to see his favourite players in action, but at the same time he is nobody's blind fool. He knows what he wants and he knows too what he is prepared to pay for it.

NEW STADIUM

I believe that one of the things that kept the crowds away from the new stadium and from the East African games was a subconscious feeling of having been cheated, so let us look at the economic situation of the average supporter of the game must have seen it.

In the days before the new stadium was built the series would have been played at one of the two smaller stadia, but the prices would have been exactly the same as were charged on this occasion, although the number of seats at the various prices would probably not have been in the same ratio.

Be that as it may I was asked more than once why the organizers were using the bigger stadium to increase their income rather than to decrease the prices. However, you look at that point of view it is reasonable enough and I am sure the post-attendance at the games will compel the F.A. to think about it very deeply before the next visitors arrive.

The Chinese spectators form all but a very small minority of the crowd at big games and they have now shown in the most practical way possible that they are unwilling to take the risk of paying out hard earned dollars for football of uncertain quality.

On the basis of finance and environment it would be surprising if the stadium at popular prices rather than to have thousands of tickets left unsold for each of the three games.

Another important point that came out of the series was the utterly unrealistic contract condition that insists on all games of this nature being played at the Hongkong Stadium. Such an unimaginative clause could only accrue from the financial and administrative minds of people whose interest is directed to channels other than the actual playing of the game.

The HKFA would do well to use the evidence of this series to convince the Stadium governors that blind adherence to the clause can only work to the direct detriment of the game, on the field and at the gate.

EMPTY ARENA

The folly of playing the Hongkong Selection match in a vast empty arena did the game and all associated with it no good whatsoever. There is not the shadow of a doubt that if the game had taken place at the more intimate Club Ground both the play and the atmosphere—and maybe also the crowd—would have been greatly improved.

During a conversation with a group of spectators after the second game I heard a suggestion that might be well worth serious consideration by the HKFA. It was this. At present separate tickets are issued for each game, and the new proposal is that the FA should offer the paying public a "through ticket" for all three games. This would give a person the chance to have the

same seat each time, and by giving him some financial bonus by way of a reduced aggregate price of say \$25 for three \$10 seats—and pro-rata for cheaper seats—it might be possible to ensure a good paying crowd for the second game. It's a very sound suggestion and anything is better than being resigned to at present—two games and an expensive white elephant.

...and now for the critics! First of all let me assure you that I do not resent criticism. I am quite sincere when I say I welcome the views of those who read what I write, and I value what they say, even if it is at variance with my own assessment of some particular game, incident or circumstance.

In spite of this I was rather surprised at the reaction—particularly in Macao—to my views on the two opening games of the East African series. I am not a fiction writer and neither will I write distorted pleasantries simply to satisfy the ego of players, officials or spectators. I write what I see, and I try to measure my criticism and my applause against a reasoned yardstick.

As I understand the job, these are the only principles a writer can adopt. If he does otherwise his criticism becomes unreliable and basically dishonest, but what is much more important, his praise eventually becomes as hollow as a termite infested upright.

ORDINARY CLUB

The visitors from Lourenco Marques were, in my considered opinion, nothing more than a very ordinary club side, and that is what I wrote. I thought, Hongkong I were little better, and I said that too. I see that someone has dug up the Pegasus ghost. I hope they also took the trouble to dig up what I wrote about them at the time.

It wasn't very complimentary, and as a matter of passing interest I rate the Lourenco Marques boys a better side than Pegasus on the strength of their respective showings in the Colony.

There is however one point that I would like to make regarding the suggestion that clubs like Grasshopper, Kogo and Admira are 'almost professionals'—whatever that ambiguous term might mean.

Such a comment is unjustified. Grasshopper is one of the true amateur clubs of the world, and football is but one of many of the club's activities. It is very unfair to a fine collection of genuine sportsmen to suggest that they are other than true-blue amateurs.

Those of us who had the pleasure of meeting the Kogo players when they were here, know the services some of them had to make to come on the tour. The Admira set-up is very much along the lines of our own KMB and Sing Tao for most, if not all, of the players are employed together on the railway, and as the Djurgarden club is one of the leading members of the Swedish FA—a very strong and principled amateur body—the hollowing of the suggestion of near professionalism is shown to be inaccurate and ill-founded.

Let me say no more than this. If the critics are to be believed, and the East African visitors were indeed a better team than I stated, then I can only suggest that the mystery of the aggregate, 40,000 or so empty seats at the three games wants a bit of explaining.

MORAL ADVANTAGE

This week-end we plunge into the thrills of knock-out football and overlooking all else will be the titanic Senior Shield

tussle between KMB and Eastern at the Hongkong Stadium tomorrow. This time the wares are known qualities, and as the prices are realistic as far as the man in the street is concerned, there will be few if any vacant seats.

KMB will start off with the moral advantage of a recent victory over their opponents but the gulf between the slog of fighting for two League points and the precarious sudden death of cup-tie soccer is very wide, so wide in fact that it destroys any normal yardstick.

The Business has made a great recovery from an indifferent start. Eastern on the other hand have recently tasted defeat for the first time and there is always the danger that the shock still remains. However, I have a strong feeling that Eastern will not lose for I cannot see their experienced players repeating the costly mistakes of a few short weeks ago.

In the other First Round games Kitchee should be too strong for the Royal Navy at Caroline Hill this afternoon and should pass into the next round. South China make a dangerous trip across the harbour to meet the Police at Boundary Street tomorrow. The Caroline Hill boys seldom give of their best on this particular ground but it would be a real upset if they failed to win.

The last game on the programme tomorrow may prove to be the hardest of the lot and the spectators who make the trip to the Club Stadium should be assured of thrills galore and sportsmanship aplenty when the Army and RAF clash in an all Services match.

This is a most interesting game for both sides have run into their best form at the right time and it may well require another meeting before a decision is reached as to who will pass into the hat for the next round.

All Senior Shield games will start at 3.30 p.m.

SPORTS QUIZ

- Who was the great sporting Prince of British Rugby?
- Can a golfer stand outside the limits of the teeing ground to play a ball teed within the limits?
- Complete the names of the following famous cricketers: (a) D. G. — (b) W. G. — (c) W. R. — (d) L. E. G. —
- A Nigerian boxer recently became the first of his countrymen to win an Empire boxing title. Name please.
- With what sport do you bag a "pair of spectacles"?
- What is the longest individual innings in first class cricket?
- Who aims a wood at a jack?
- Three countries have won the world soccer cup since its inception in 1928. Who are they?
- He has just broken his own world record—a record once held by his father. Who is he?
- How many players are there in (a) Hockey team? (b) Rugby League team?

(Answers See Page 17)

Learn Your Cricket...GET DOWN TO IT

THE position of wicket-keeper is the most important in the field. Not only does he get more chances of dismissing the batsman than any other fielder, but he is the focus of the whole side's folding, and on his agility and "tidiness" depends to a great extent the look of the side in the field.

What is more he can be a tremendous support to his bowlers and to his captain. A wicket-keeper must, of course, be properly padded but he must realise that his legs are only his second line of defence and should never come into play unless his hands have failed him.

He should wear a pair of "Inners" under his gloves and he may reinforce them with plasticine along the base of his fingers. His gloves should fit him comfortably, but not tightly, and should always be pulled right on so that his fingers are well home within the stalls.

He must stand either right up or well back—never half-way.



How far he stands back will depend on the pace of the bowling and of the wicket. But when standing back his aim will be to position himself as to take the length ball just after it begins to drop after pitching.

In taking up his stance behind the wicket his weight must be equally balanced between his two feet, with his body right

down and eyes just higher than the stumps. His left foot should be behind the middle stump and both feet should point more or less down the wicket. His hands should be pointing down and his head must be kept as still as possible.

He must get down and stay down unless and until he is certain that he must rise to take the ball.

In taking the ball his feet will move only so far as is necessary to bring his head and body across behind the line of the ball. He must never move back from the wicket.

He should always try to take the ball in his gloves, forming a relaxed cup with the fingers pointing down. His hands should "ride" with the ball as they take it, but once securely taken he should bring it back to the wicket ready for the opportunity of a stump.

From "Cricket—How To Play" produced by the M.C.C. and published by Educational Productions, Ltd. (6s.).

Bigger Athletes— Better Times

The human race is getting taller. So the name John Michael Landy may soon be crossed off the list of world athletic champions.

Landy, need it be said, holds the World Mile record, with a time of 3 min. 58 secs. But according to the calculations of J. V. Durnin, the famous physiologist, Landy's days as Champion are numbered.

Writing in George Smith's "All Out For The Mile" (Forbes Robertson, 15s.) Durnin expands on the boxing maxim of a good big 'un will always beat a good little 'un, when he declares: "Given equality in all other aspects the taller person will run faster than the smaller."

But what about runners like Sydney Wooderson and the present day Chris Chataway? They are not giants by any means. Yet Wooderson held the Mile record for five years, and Chataway has returned under four minutes.

MODERATE HEIGHT

"Some record-holders," admits Durnin, "are of quite moderate height, but the majority are taller and, more significant records are being broken by increasingly taller and taller people."

"And this," says Durnin, "is at a time when less than a dozen athletes in a hundred top six feet."

"It seems inevitable," he adds, "that sooner or later healthy men of exceptional stature with the appropriate physical attributes will shatter existing athletic records."

"This may well occur on quite a large scale because there is a very great amount of evidence from many countries throughout the world that the average height of the population is steadily increasing."

How long will it be before the records tumble?

Not as long, perhaps, as many people think. A common belief is that the amount by which records are being broken is diminishing.



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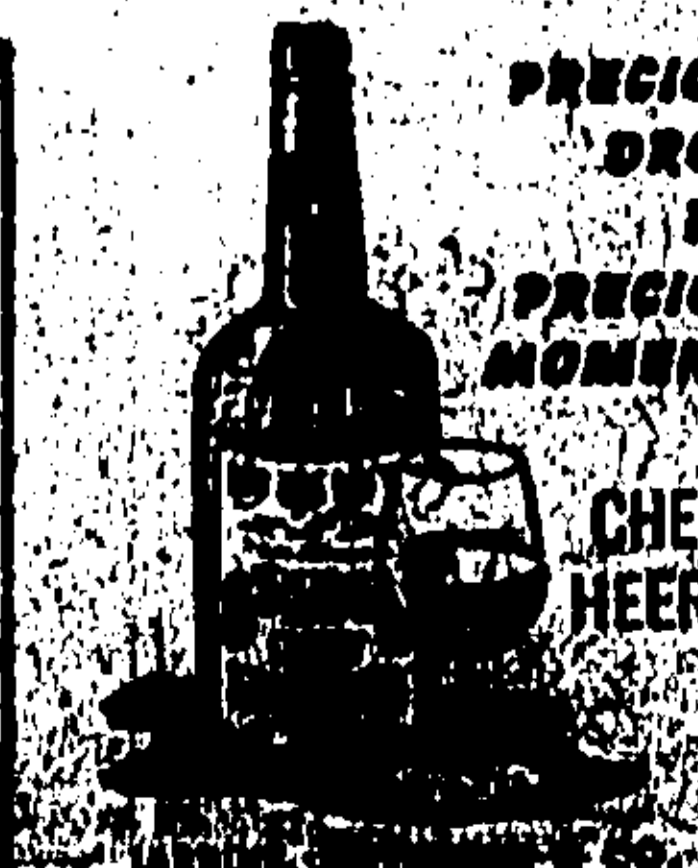
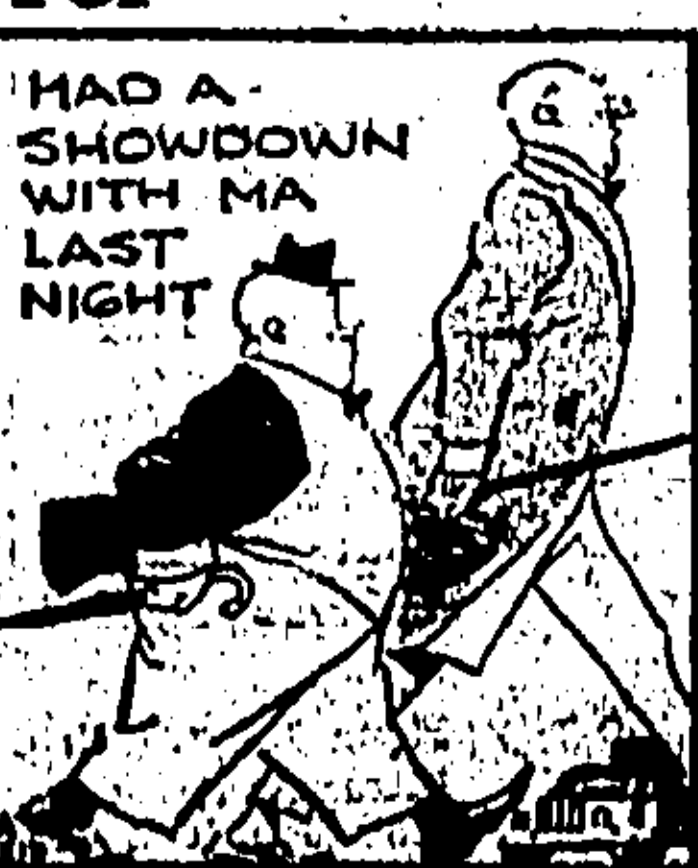
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POP



Clean Up International Soccer; Referees Must Get Tough

Says DON REVIE

Big time Soccer needs a clean-up. I am sure the public are as fed up as the players with these temperamental outbursts in international matches.

The only solution seems to be for the referees to get tough. There was a time when international Soccer was a showpiece — where everyone tried to be a gentleman.

But in recent years, we have had the "Battle of Berlin", the so-called "football" match at Wrexham, and the "tug-of-war" incidents in Madrid, and boos for the continental referees when they bring on substitutes.

No one likes to see this sort of thing. Least of all British footballers who have done so much to try to spread the spirit of sportsmanship abroad.

Good intentions are not enough. I suggest that all international referees should be as bold as Mr. Arthur Ellis when Brazil and Hungary met in the 1954 World Cup series. He did not hesitate to send off the culprits.

Sad as it is to see an international footballer given marching orders, it is the only way. We want more referees of the Reg Leafe type, who make it quite clear that they intend to be in complete control.

For unless officials enforce their power, this sort of thing will continue, and the game will be ruined.

SHOULDER CHARGE

I think it is quite fair to say that most British teams playing abroad are more skilled against than against. Yet if we are sportsmen, we must concede that the continental referee does not like the way we challenge a goalkeeper, and this frequently causes retaliatory methods. Latin temperaments are skilled in fury and football skill is kicked to the winds.

British football fans love to see a good old-fashioned shoulder charge. It is one of the thrills of the game. Yet for a moment to look at such incidents through the eyes of the continental referee who has been schooled in the arts and crafts of the game with the minimum of bodily contact.

Let's be quite blunt. If a goalkeeper has a ball in his hands how can anyone take it from him except by brute force. When a centre-forward tries to knock the goalkeeper for six he is really admitting he hasn't the football skill to beat him by other methods.

After all, as soon as the forward challenges the goalkeeper he is leaving another player unmarked.

Now, before you start a hullabaloo "wrapping" the goalkeeper in cotton wool, let me make this point quite clear. If there is a fair chance for the ball, then a centre-forward has every right to challenge him. But how often do we see players hustling the goalkeeper, digging him with their elbows and trying frantically to get shoulder to shoulder with him?

Many goalkeepers — Frank Swift, for instance — loved this shoulder charging. But surely if this upsets the continental referee why don't we concede them this minor point?

It could be quite easily done. No charging when the goal-

keeper has the ball safely. Then introduce a rule that if he doesn't get rid of it quickly (say in four paces) he should be penalised. This should do away with that annoying habit of continental goalkeepers bouncing the ball about their penalty area merely to waste time.

BACK TO SCHOOL

If this were done, the next step would be to organise referees from all countries to ensure uniform interpretation of the Laws.

They must be taught that they are the bosses. For too many continental referees allow players to use elbows, obstruct, and even grab a man by his pants to stop him. It is undignified. It is certainly not Soccer. But there is only one place for these players — the dressing room.

Whether it is an international match or a game on the village green the same Laws apply. The referees should use them — even if it means sending half the team off the field. If this were done, we should have no more rough house international soccer matches.

Trevor Ford, Cardiff City and Welsh international centre-forward, is once more the centre of controversy. The Ford case throws up the old argument: should a footballer play where he is told, or has he the right to refuse if he thinks it may affect his play and confidence?

The man in the street usually takes the view that a footballer is a paid servant and should do as he is told. Yet I wonder what the reaction would be if a cabinet-maker was ordered to work outside on an ordinary journey? Or an engineer operating a machine was suddenly told he would have to go back on the bench doing rough work with a file?

TEAM SPIRIT

It is easy to point the finger of scorn and say that a player should have the team spirit to play where he is told. In many cases a footballer is glad to do so. Yet surely he has the right to feel that he has a best position and that he prefers to play there.

Remember this. If a player agrees to switch his position, he can lose form and lose his grip on the game. He may even lose his first team place. Yet he has no redress.

There is another factor to be considered. Often in these team switches, the recognised deputy for the first teamer doesn't get his chance.

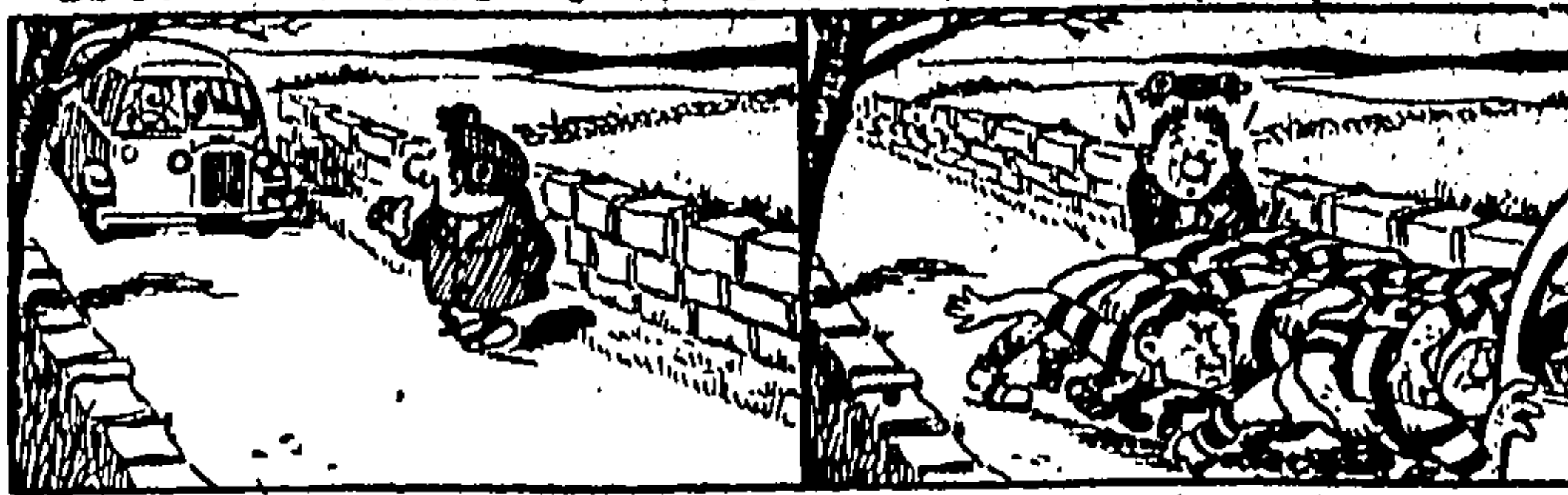
It is a tough problem for player and the club — but a footballer is human.

You might think he is a bad sport for refusing to switch his true position. But if he feels he would be out of place, that he would be unhappy there — then surely he is entitled to say so.

(COPYRIGHT)

SPORTING SAM

By Reg. Wootton



CHANGES IN RUGGER VENUES

It Will Be A Battle Royal Between Club "A" And Garrison Today

Says "PAK LO"

Once again there have been a few changes in this afternoon's fixtures and venues. The two games originally scheduled for Sookunpoo, i.e. the 27 Brigade versus RAF Mainland, and the RAF Island versus 48 Brigade have been switched to the Army ground in Boundary Street with their respective starting times now being 2.30 p.m. and 3.45 p.m.

The Gunners versus Police game has been cancelled until a future date, but the H.K. Signals Regt. has stepped into the breach, and the match will take place as arranged at the Police ground in Boundary Street at 3.00 p.m.

The Gunners had to cancel their fixture, according to information received, because this afternoon some of their XV are taking part in a cross country race. If such is indeed the case it is a poor reflection on the Gunners that they were unwilling to turn out less than their strongest side against the Police for they have ample resources and thus take the chance of losing their unbeaten record.

When it is remembered that every week the Police, Navy and Club turn out teams which are often not the strongest by any means, rather than cancel a fixture, I feel that the Gunners have let down the spirit of the game in the Colony and the Police having agreed to a postponed fixture instead of insisting on it being played have made a sporting gesture of which the Gunners could well take note.

The only two fixtures to remain unchanged are those between the Club "A" and HK & K Garrison at 3.00 p.m. on the Club ground, and the following game at 4.15 p.m. between the Navy and Club "B".

INTER-UNIT

Before going on to the games themselves here is the latest on the FARLEP Inter-Unit Knockout Competition. This has now reached the quarter finals, with the King's Own, last year's local runners-up, well to the fore.

All the games mentioned below will be played off before the New Year.

1st King's Own v. 27 HAA Regt., RA.

15 Med Regt., RA v. 41 Fld. Regt., RA.

H.K. Signal Regt. v. REME Workshops.

14th Fld Regt/1st Northants v. 74 LAA Regt., RA.

The two best games this afternoon should be those on the Club ground where in both matches the fifteens are fairly evenly matched.

Club "A" this week has a faster pack than last week, and it should have about the same weight as the Garrison. Both teams rely to a large extent on their forwards, and in the scrums and lineouts it should be a battle royal, though the Garrison should see more of the ball from the lineouts.

Behind the scrum the Garrison have the advantage for their three are faster and seem able to finish off their moves better. Club "A", on the other hand, have a strong centre in their

three line, but the wings are weak and although they should get a good service from their halves it is here that the Club will probably fall down.

However, in Martin they have a full back who has been improving by leaps and bounds and Carter and Anderson may find quite some trouble in breaking through his solid defence. On the whole, though, the Garrison seem to have most of the advantages and should win, but the "A" team should put up a better showing than last week.

DIFFICULT TO FORECAST

In the next game it is even more difficult to make a forecast for the Navy, sadly depleted in strength over the last few weeks, are by no means strong. They have made two changes in the backs where Williams and Speirs replace Cater, and Sutton respectively at wing three and fly half. The other change is in the front row of the forwards where Willis takes over from Blackie.

This should strengthen the Navy side, but the Club also have a stronger three this week and with Penman to spark them they are capable of doing very well. The forwards are heavy but slow, though the two wing-forwards have plenty of speed, and should be able to stop the Navy's halves settling down.

Both sides should get an equal share of the ball, but unless the Navy's halves are moving this looks like a narrow win for Club "B".

In the 27 Brigade game the RAF Mainland side which whacked the Club "A" last week should find their opponents this time a much stiffer test. The 27 Brigade forwards are steadily on the loose ball, and Foster should be a big factor in the opposition number to a large extent.

The 48th three line, with Blackburn as one of the centres, will be hard to stop, but the Mainland fifteen should get the major share of the ball from the lineouts and their three, having tasted victory last week, should be capable of repeating their efforts of last Saturday though not to the same extent.

48th SHOULD WIN

Against RAF Island it should be an easy win for the 48th as they have gone from strength to strength the Islanders have been becoming weaker almost every week.

This week the Islanders have brought Woolf back into the pack beside Southwick.

Moore must remember to feed his wings in time, for Inall is fully capable of scoring if given a fair chance. Really there should be nothing beyond Southwick and possibly Woolf to stop the 48th from scoring. A fairly clear verdict to the 48th Brigade.

Last but by no means least we come to the Police versus H.K. Signals. Since I last saw them play they have had a new influx of people into the team according to their supporters they have now become capable of taking on almost any team, including the Gunners.

Sports Diary

TODAY

Senior Shield 1st round: Kitchee v Navy (11.30 a.m.)
Junior Shield 1st round: Kitchee (11.30 a.m.)
2nd Division: Army v Kitchee (11.30 a.m.)
3rd Division: Army v Kitchee (11.30 a.m.)
4th Division: Army v Kitchee (11.30 a.m.)
5th Division: Army v Kitchee (11.30 a.m.)
6th Division: Army v Kitchee (11.30 a.m.)
7th Division: Army v Kitchee (11.30 a.m.)
8th Division: Army v Kitchee (11.30 a.m.)
9th Division: Army v Kitchee (11.30 a.m.)
10th Division: Army v Kitchee (11.30 a.m.)

1st Division: Army "North" v RAF (11.30 a.m.)
2nd Division: Army "South" v KCC (11.30 a.m.)
3rd Division: Army "East" v KCC (11.30 a.m.)
4th Division: Army "West" v KCC (11.30 a.m.)
5th Division: Army "Central" v KCC (11.30 a.m.)
6th Division: Army "North" v KCC (11.30 a.m.)
7th Division: Army "South" v KCC (11.30 a.m.)
8th Division: Army "East" v KCC (11.30 a.m.)
9th Division: Army "West" v KCC (11.30 a.m.)
10th Division: Army "Central" v KCC (11.30 a.m.)

Third Race Meeting at Happy Valley starts at 2.30 p.m.

TOMORROW

Annual match: Old Shanghaiand v Pre-War HK XI at Chater Road commencing at 10.30 a.m.

Senior Shield 1st round: KMB v Eastern (11.30 a.m.)
Junior Shield 1st round: KMB v Eastern (11.30 a.m.)
2nd Division: Army v University (11.30 a.m.)
3rd Division: Army v University (11.30 a.m.)
4th Division: Army v University (11.30 a.m.)
5th Division: Army v University (11.30 a.m.)
6th Division: Army v University (11.30 a.m.)
7th Division: Army v University (11.30 a.m.)
8th Division: Army v University (11.30 a.m.)
9th Division: Army v University (11.30 a.m.)
10th Division: Army v University (11.30 a.m.)

Junior Shield 1st round: KMB v South China (11.30 a.m.)
Senior Shield 1st round: KMB v South China (11.30 a.m.)
2nd Division: Army v University (11.30 a.m.)
3rd Division: Army v University (11.30 a.m.)
4th Division: Army v University (11.30 a.m.)
5th Division: Army v University (11.30 a.m.)
6th Division: Army v University (11.30 a.m.)
7th Division: Army v University (11.30 a.m.)
8th Division: Army v University (11.30 a.m.)
9th Division: Army v University (11.30 a.m.)
10th Division: Army v University (11.30 a.m.)

Open Athletic Meeting, Caroline Hill at 10.30 a.m.

Answers To Sports Quiz

1. Prince Obolensky.
2. Yes.
3. (a) Bradman (b) Grace (c) Hammond (d) Ames.
4. Hogan "Kid" Bassey.
5. Cricketer — a player who falls to score in either innings of the match is said to "bag a pair of spectacles".
6. 13hrs. 20mins by Len Hutton when he hit his record Test score of 304 against Australia at the Oval in 1938.
7. A bowls player.
8. Italy (twice), Uruguay (twice) and Germany.
9. Donald Campbell.
10. (a) Eleven (b) Thirteen.

RUGGER QUIZ ANSWERS

- (1) Joe is "lacked" under the Laws when "there is a moment when the cannot pass or play the ball (Law 10) and under section (b) Joe must when "lacked" but not brought to the ground IMMEDIATELY release the ball."
- (2) Joe's opponents were wrong. Under Law 14 "a rebound is not a knock on" and "A rebound occurs when the ball, after striking any part of a player except his hand, arm, or leg from the knee to the toe inclusive, travels in the direction of his opponents' dead ball line."
- (3) The referee faulted Joe because Joe was offside under Law 18 (2) (a) which states he is offside if "he enters a scrum-mage from his opponents' side."

The Time is near... the



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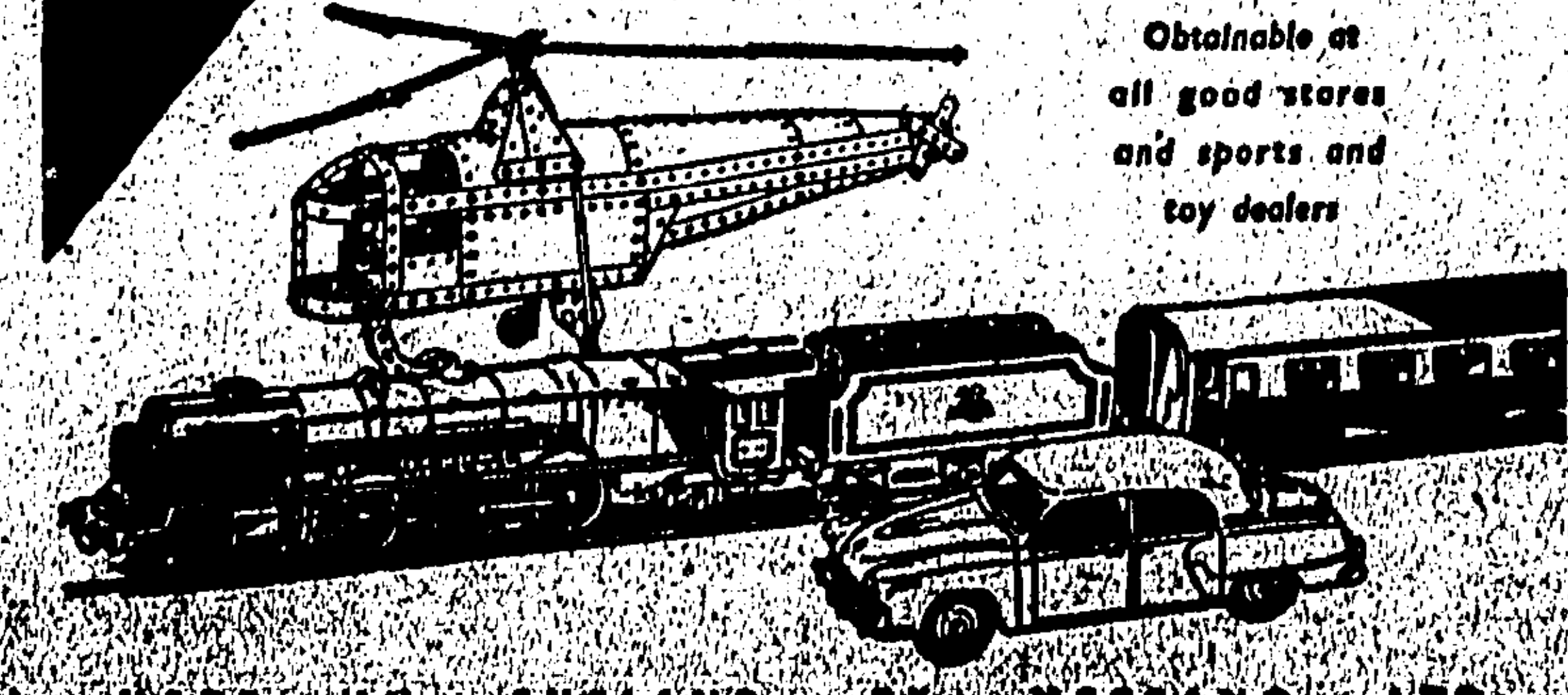
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by Barry Appleby



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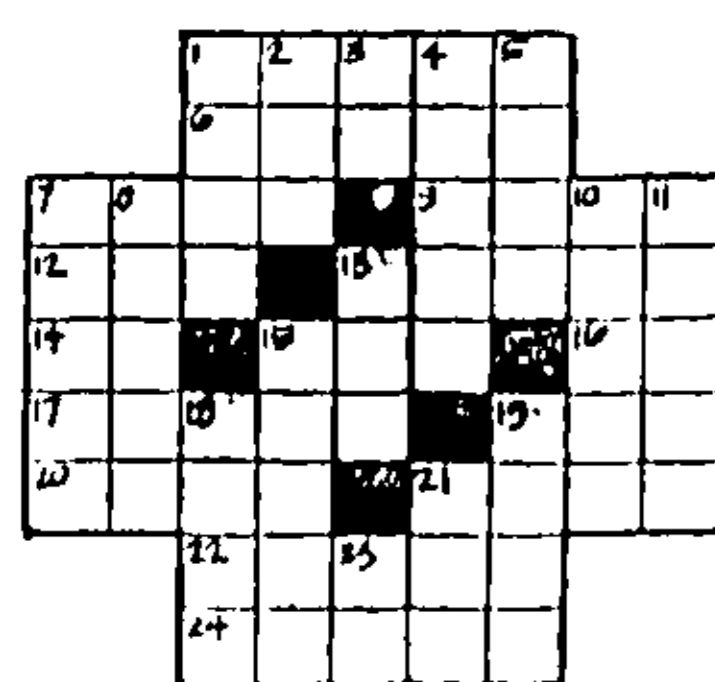


FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

CROSSWORD



ACROSS

- 1 Command
- 6 Pester
- 7 Geraint's wife in Arthurian legend
- 9 Enervates
- 12 Dry, as wine
- 13 Weird
- 14 Symbol for tellurium
- 15 Footed vase
- 16 Symbol for nickel
- 17 Redacts
- 19 Moor
- 20 Indian peasant
- 21 Gaelic
- 22 High-strung
- 24 Ragged mountain crest

DOWN

- 1 Pertaining to the sea
- 2 Crimson
- 3 Ambary
- 4 German city
- 5 Erect
- 7 Compound ether
- 8 Poor
- 10 Evergreens
- 11 Net
- 13 Bitter vetch
- 15 Say
- 18 Greek letter
- 19 Unfettered
- 21 East (Fr.)
- 23 Symbol for neon

MIXTURES

Mix the letters in each of these strange lines so they will each make a six-letter word:
RIP DOT
AD LORE
LET SAT
LAR ROC

TRIANGLE

ORATORS provide a base for the triangle. The second word is "a suffix"; third, "note in Gull's nest"; fourth, "an impudent child"; fifth, "muse of poetry"; and sixth, "click-beetle." Can you complete the triangle from the given clues?

PICTURE-WORD SQUARE

When you substitute a four-letter word for each of these pictures, you'll find your answer reads the same down as across:



(Solutions on Page 20)

Make Your Own Jig-saw Puzzle—



FIRST, paste all over the back of this jumbled picture and stick it on to a piece of stiff card. When the paste is quite dry, you can cut out the pieces of the jig-saw. Cut along the dotted lines, but where an unbroken line comes at the edge of a piece, cut just outside it, because it forms part of the picture. When you have put the picture together, you can colour it with crayons.

A Bridge Is Still A Bridge

By D. S. ROMNEY

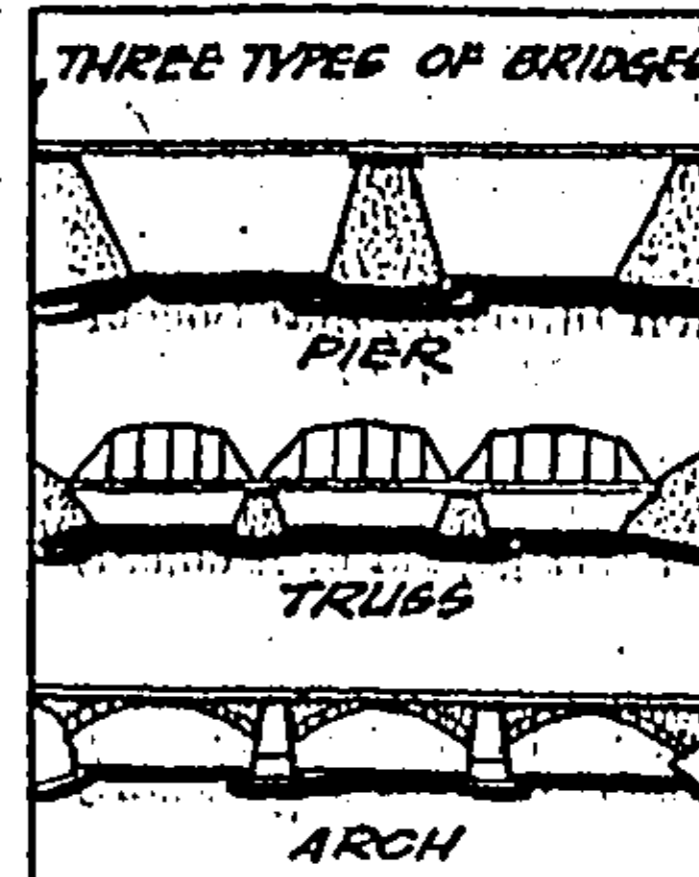
THE statement, "There's nothing new under the sun" is true of most things, including bridges. Many of the principles used by the ancients are still used by bridge builders today.

The very first bridge used were fallen logs. These served very well, as long as man didn't have to cross wide streams or carry a great deal of weight.

Sometimes several logs were laid together to make a wider and stronger bridge.

As soon as people attempted to travel longer distances, "mother necessity" invented the pier bridge. This type of bridge had a support fastened in the bed of a river to keep it from sagging under its own weight.

Then came the truss bridge, an arrangement of planks or beams fastened together in such a way that each plank shared part of the weight, or thrust, of the bridge.



block to the end block, which was called the "skew-back."

This is the same system used today on span bridges. In fact, these three types of ancient bridges are the basic principles used today. Some modern bridges contain all three principles—pier, truss, and arch.



Perhaps most famous of all, the "London Bridge" is the number three bridge carrying this name. By the time the present structure was ready for use, in 1832, the song "London Bridge Is Falling Down," was almost literally true, as the bridge then in use, bridge number two, was considered unsafe for heavy traffic.

Bridge building has become such a scientific art, however, that there is not much danger of a modern bridge falling down, no matter how much strain is put on it. Floods, ice-jams and severe storms, of course, are still to be reckoned with.

Midnight Adventure

— Two Quarrelling Brothers Awaken The Household —

By MAX TRELL

"DID I," said Christopher Cricket to Knarf and Hanid, the shadow-children with the turned-about names, "ever tell you about what happened to me last night? I call it,

"The Adventure of Brother Hot and Brother Cold."

Neither Knarf nor Hanid had ever heard this adventure so, after making himself comfortable on the fringe of the room at the feet of his two friends, Christopher cricket began his story as follows:

"It all happened last night. It was quite late. Everyone was asleep. Even the shutters that hang outside in front of the windows had stopped creaking. Even the mice that live down in the cellar had stopped twitching and their noses. Even the cat and the dog and the moon and the stars were asleep.

"And then," said Christopher, "I heard two voices. They came from the kitchen. They were quarrelling. One voice sounded hot and angry. The other voice sounded cold and furious. I went into the kitchen at once to investigate.

The Old Clock

"But by this time everyone in the house (except the people) had been awakened by the quarrelling voices from the kitchen. As I hurried down the hall the old clock said in his deep-down voice: 'The Hot and Cold. They're always fighting.'"

"So I went into the kitchen. And there I found Brother Hot and Brother Cold!"

"Who were they, Chris?" Hanid asked.

"They were two faucets" replied Christopher Cricket. "One was the hot water faucet, the

other was the cold water faucet. Though they stood side by side over the sink, they did nothing but quarrel as to which of the two was more important.

"Hot said that he was more important because without him no one would be able properly to wash the dishes. But Brother Cold argued that without him no one would be able to have a cold and refreshing drink of water!"

"And there they were (and I saw them with my own eyes)," said Christopher, "splashing water on each other and calling each other names!"

Bedlam in the Kitchen

"All the knives and forks and spoons shouted: 'Stop!'"

"All the plates and cups and saucers rattled and tumbled and cried: 'Somebody turn them off! The whole kitchen is getting wet!'"

The soap in the soap plate yelled: "I'm wet, I'm melting! Help!"

Knarf and Hanid looked at Christopher Cricket and smiled. "Did all this really happen last night, Chris? Did the Hot and the Cold Water faucets really quarrel with each other?"

"You bet they did! And just to prove that I'm right, somebody is coming this morning to fix them both so that they can



Sitting on the carpet, Cricket began his story.

never splash water on each other again."

"Why, who is coming to do that, Christopher?" asked Hanid.

"The plumber," answered Christopher Cricket.

Peace At Last

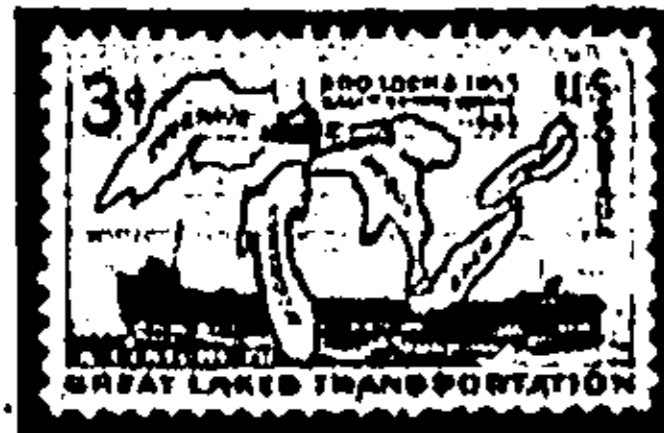
And, sure enough, at that very moment, the doorbell rang. Then the plumber came in with his box of tools. And before very long he was fixing Brother Hot and Brother Cold so that no matter how important each one of them felt, neither of them would be able to splash again.

"But I wonder," Knarf said later, that day to his sister Hanid, "I wonder which is more important: hot water or cold water?"

"Both," said Hanid.

New Stamp Recalls Historical Event

THE ships that sail the inland sea of North America are long tanker-like craft. They carry wheat, timber, coal and a score of other products from the heart of the continent until they reach its outlet into the Atlantic by way of the St. Lawrence river.



For 100 years the traffic has flowed strongly. Long before that the journey was made by a stream of French explorers until, in 1671, the Governor-General of the French possessions in North America called a conference of Red Indians at Sault Ste. Marie, where Lake Superior empties into Lake Huron.

In the name of his king, the Governor-General took formal possession of all the country south to the Gulf of Mexico and west to the Pacific. Such were the dreams of France, such was the history that flowed along the Great Lakes. A stamp now issued by the U.S.A. puts on record an important step forward in the development of this water highway. That is the opening of the Soo locks and canal in 1855. These enable cargo-carrying ships to pass from Lake Superior to Lake Huron without touching the rapids in St. Mary's River that links the two lakes naturally. Yes, stamps open the windows of the world and bring distant places to our elbow. The Great Lakes stamp pictured here is perforated 11, recess printed and costs 5d. in London. —J.A.A.

THREE GIFTS WITH A PERSONAL TOUCH

YOU can give yourself—or a friend—an especially suitable present this Yuletide season if you construct a "nutty" serving tray from walnut shell halves and a piece of 1/2-inch plywood.

Cut the board in a circle shape, any suitable size from 12 to 16 inches in diameter.

Screw wooden handles into the edge at opposite sides of the board. Inexpensive kitchen drawer pulls are fine; colour the whole thing with mahogany stain.

You'll want to edge the entire tray with walnut shells, but before you do so select a number of uniform size.

Fill the cavities with plaster of Paris. After this has hardened, glue the shells, round side up, to the wooden board.

To keep glasses from slipping while they're carried on the tray, you might like to add "nutty" islands. Here's how:

Trace circles all around the edge of the tray (there will be plenty of space for six or eight of them), using the bottom of a drinking glass as a pattern.

Then arrange nuts around the outside of the pencil lines, and glue them in position. A decal picture can be set in the centre of each, and a larger one can be placed in the centre of the tray. Finish it with a coating of clear shellac.

YOU CAN EASILY convert a cheap fountain pen into an expensive-looking model that will decorate any friend's desk and make a lovely Christmas gift if you'll mount the cap permanently in a wooden base. This can consist of a child's play block or any wooden object.

Drill a 1/4-inch hole in the centre of the wood. It should be deep enough so that the open end of the cap will protrude slightly when it is placed in the hole, at an angle. Set it in this position, then fill the rest of the hole with plaster of Paris.

AN INEXPENSIVE Christmas gift that will delight any young child can be made very quickly. If there's an old trunk or footlocker in your attic. It can be converted into a toy chest.

First, drill a hole in the bottom four corners of the trunk, so that small-sized furniture castors can be installed.

Next, line the box with wallpaper, selecting a pretty nursery rhyme pattern. Finally, paint the outside of the trunk. If you can get it use the kind of paint that's used on green blackboards.

HOME-MADE CHRISTMAS CARDS AND DECORATIONS

By IDA M. PARDUE

SMALL fingers will find it easy to make a cookie cutter Christmas card.

Just about any cookie cutter design will do. Ask Mother if she has a star, or a small Santa, tree, or gingerbread man.

Cut a piece of plain white paper so that it is 8 x 5 inches in size. Fold it in half.

Now hold a cookie cutter in the centre of the card front. Trace carefully around it with a pencil. Colour the picture with crayons.

Use lots of red and green, the Christmas colours.

Across the bottom of the card, print "Merry Christmas" with a red crayon.

On the inside of the card, write "JOY TO YOU." Sign your name and the card is ready to be tucked into an envelope.

SILVER CURLS to dangle from the Christmas tree are easy to make.

You can make five curls from one unroll wrapper from a stick of chewing gum.

Open the piece of tinfoil that cut it into five strips about 1/2 inch wide, the long way. Wind one of the strips around and around a pencil. Hold it tightly in place for a few seconds. Then slip it off and it will hold its shape.

The curl can be Scotch-taped to a tree branch or thread a 3-inch loop of coloured string through a small hole punched in the tip of the curl.

A SINGLE single ball makes a nice play-time ring. Use thread; the single ball on a 5-print "Merry Christmas" with a red crayon.

DECORATE A GIFT PACKAGE
1. Cut out a SANTA CLAUS from an old magazine or CARD to fit your package.



3. Glue on pieces of COTTON for fur and snow.



Rupert's Deep Sea Adventure—48



